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For a Fair Street
Railway Settlement

Every Penny in This System Is Private Property

This is a fact which some of the people seem not to understand. One citizen writes:

"As I understand it, all public utility systems are quasi-public properties."

"How much of the \$60,000,000 valuation of the street railways, certified by the City's consulting engineer, represents franchise values contributed by the public?"

NOT ONE PENNY OF IT. Every cent of the \$60,000,000 is private property—as much so as your home, or your store, or your motor car, or your baby's cradle.

So far as ownership is concerned public utility companies are no longer "quasi-public properties." Some of them were at one time. City Governments gave some of them, at little or no cost, franchise values which the companies capitalized and sold for a great deal of money. When and where this took place, the public had an actual if unrecognized proprietary interest in the business, and was entitled to a share of its earnings, over and above its regular taxes.

That was not and is not the case with this Company. United Railways and its constituent companies have paid the City Government millions of dollars for franchises. These payments were made—and still are—in the form of franchise taxes, over and

above our full, fair share of such property taxes as are paid by all other citizens. The St. Louis street railways, therefore, never have been and are not today "quasi-public properties." **EVERY DOLLAR IN THIS BUSINESS WAS PUT HERE BY PRIVATE CITIZENS, AND IS PRIVATE PROPERTY.**

The franchise values which we bought from the City Government in due legal form and in good faith have been taken from us by the State. This confiscation of values legally bought and paid for has been applied to utility companies in nearly all of the States.

The utility companies at first were encouraged by City Governments and by the public to buy the franchises, and encouraged to capital-

ize them to get funds with which to build public services. After the services were provided, radical politicians and editors raised an outcry against "the taking of private profits from public values," and the States proceeded to confiscate such values, repudiating the business contracts which City Governments had made with utility companies.

Nothing now remains to remind the companies of franchise values they once owned, except some depreciated securities which they issued against such values when that was the popular thing to do, and the special franchise taxes which they are still required to pay.

THE PUBLIC HAS DRAWN OUT ITS SHARE OF THE CAPITAL OF THE UTILITY BUSINESS, BUT CONTINUES TO DEMAND ITS FORMER SHARE OF THE EARNINGS.

The above policy of confiscation and repudiation has been a good thing for some politicians who used it to win office, and for some editors who used it to win circulation and wealth.

It has been a bad thing for thousands of St. Louis men and women who invested their savings in this business and have seen their investments shrink year by year, earning nothing.

It has been a bad thing for the multitude of workingmen and women who use the street cars in rush hours morning and night. Service has been and is less and worse than it should and would be if this Company's \$480,000 a year of franchise taxes could be used financing more car lines and buying more cars.

It has been a bad thing for street car companies generally because

it has hurt their credit and so made them unable to borrow money to extend the service as it needs to be extended.

It has been a bad thing for tens of thousands of outlying property owners who need direct car service and can't get it because millions of dollars of car earnings have been taken by the City for other uses and not allowed to go back into the business.

If the people of St. Louis want less street car taxes and more street car service, now is the time to say so—to your public servants in City Hall.

The United Railways Company of St. Louis

REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Salutations to Barrie

EXQUISITE whimsical tenderness playing about the world-horror now enacting, presented with all the beauty of restraint that gives to mimetics their truest effect of naturalism, the three one-act plays by Sir James Matthew Barrie at the Jefferson theatre this week, are a refreshment for the spirit of theatre-goers almost in despair of escape from girl-shows and the moving pictures. "The Last Word," "Barbara's Wedding" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" are the perfection of the sentiment that sanctifies the word home, and blent with that sentiment is the deeper pathos of the pang with which patriotism pierces the heart of the family when for the home the sons go forth to war. British reserve between father and son, somewhat but not wholly broken down by the call to the colors, is the theme of the first, and I doubt if ever the curious sympathy and yet remoteness between the two was ever better shown. In the second, an old, old man of wandering mind confuses present and past as in a waking dream and is touched by the tragedy, but ever so slightly because of his feebleness of viability. Faintly he senses the war and there flicker up for a moment his own memories of the Mutiny and the Crimea, but they fade as fades the fact that his grandson has died in battle and that grandson's sweetheart is wife now to another lad. The old colonel hovers between dream and reality and is impressed by neither, so merciful is his senility. In the third play a charwoman who had never been married adopts, all unbeknown to him, a soldier in the Black Watch, sends him cakes and clothing in the name of a great lady. She shows to her cronies the outside of his letters to her. Then he's home to blighty and they meet "wi' deeficulty." Her story comes out. All her friends had sons in the war, so she must have one and she picked his name, the same as her own, from some newspaper account of battle, and carried on the deception. The braw Scot, suspicious of all her *camouflage*, is gruff with her but she wins him over with praise of the Black Watch; he takes her to the theatre, gives her two cloaks, one an astrakhan, and he adopts her as his mother, as she him as her son. Then he's off to the war again. Last scene of all: she takes from the clothes press in the morning, his kilt, his cap, his medals, displays them on her table, replaces them in the drawer, pins on her bosom the little union jack with the ritual recitation of Asquith's phrase about the drawn sword not being sheathed until the purpose for which it was drawn has been accomplished, and goes out to her charing with her broom and pail. It is all suffused strengthening with heart-ache, all washed in happy tears. The actors are supremely fit—all of them; Beryl Mercer transcendently as Mrs. Dowie in pathetic beauty; Clifton Alderson as the old colonel in the second play; Mrs. Wallace Erskine as his wife; Lucia Moore as Mrs. Torrance and H. E. Herbert as her husband, in the first play; John Campbell as *Private Dowie*, and Philip Tonge and Frances Carson. Verily I do believe that I shall remember these playlets and their acting as long as I shall remember the Great War.

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Northcliffe's Bad Break

LORD NORTHCLIFFE is back in England, where he should stay. He's a great strong man, but in some respects an ass. Shortly before his departure he wrote and many papers printed a story of his re-

cent trip through the west, in which he said that there was danger that there would be patriotic outbreaks of reprisal in St. Louis against our citizens of German origin. That in plain English is a lie. St. Louisans of German origin have come nobly to the front for this country. South St. Louis and North St. Louis sent many boys with German names as volunteers. The draft caused no ripple of trouble and German names were not conspicuous among those who claimed exemption. German banks and German-American corporations and individuals subscribed generously for Liberty bonds, to the Red Cross, for the Y. M. C. A. Mr. August Busch led off with magnificent subscriptions for all these. There is no clash between the citizens of St. Louis over the war. A few men have been arrested for foolish talk in their cups. The roster of St. Louis' contingent in the cantonments, with the ambulance corps in France, in the Medical Reserve, is peppered with German names so that almost you would say they predominate. And St. Louis' great German newspaper came out powerfully in support of the war the day it was declared. There is no such feeling here as Northcliffe described. His off-hand lying is indefensible. His publication of those lies was as indefensibly bad taste as Sir Lionel Sackville West's letter about Cleveland, for which he was handed his passports, or the Spanish ambassador's description of McKinley as a "politico," for which he was likewise given his walking-papers. Northcliffe's views were an affront. He acted like a boor as well as an ass. There are more Englishmen in St. Louis who won't fight for England to-day than there are Germans who will not fight against the Kaiser. Lord Northcliffe should not be permitted to come back to this country to insult loyal Americans of German birth and parentage. He were better employed at home "thundering" against the British navy that waits and doesn't fight and against the incompetency of the British air defense that cannot protect England from the Zeppelins and Fokkers.

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The Equivalent of War

HERE are some lines worth printing in letters of gold, from a St. Louis boy at the front: First Lieutenant Preston Lockwood, U. S. R., Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Force, formerly of France's famous Foreign Legion: "God knows I hate war, but the world seems to be in a bloody pond and must swim through yet more blood before it can pause and take stock and try to make things as they ought to be. Still, to see that such a catastrophe as another world-wide war does not occur again is the supreme duty of my generation—is *the Living Religion*." Here is the moral equivalent of war for which the late William James sought so earnestly in his last philosophical speculations.

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Pass the Street Car Bills

ST. LOUIS' Board of Aldermen should pass at once ordinance number two for the settlement of all matters at issue between the city and the United Railways. It does not provide an ideal settlement but it will save the street car company from bankruptcy and it will secure for the city better service. The \$60,000,000 valuation of the company's physical properties may be high, but hardly too high if we consider all the money put into the roads in the course of their evolution from horse-drawn cars, through the cable age and in the costly experimentation precedent to the present electric system. It were better to settle the issues by passing the ordinance in question than to prolong them in such a

way as to afflict us with years of demagogic politics. The United Railways is not sinless, but it is paying well for its privileges if we consider all the conditions and compare its tax contributions with those of even the railway system of Cleveland. The city should buy the system or make peace with it upon fair terms; but the city is not prepared to buy; therefore it should compromise. There has been too much of blithering blather on this subject lately. If we can't and won't take over the lines, let Mr. McCulloch run them for his company and let him do so with fair prospect of improving the service and earning some dividends. A "busted" railway system would be as rotten an advertisement for St. Louis as a free bridge that carries no traffic into or out of the city.

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Our Postmaster

INFORMATION from Washington is to the effect that Mr. Colin M. Selph will be renominated, and, of course, confirmed as postmaster at St. Louis. This is as it should be. Mr. Selph has been an excellent official. The St. Louis post-office has been known throughout the postal service as a model of efficiency ever since Mr. Selph took charge. Some Democratic politicians do not like Mr. Selph, but St. Louis likes Postmaster Selph. Some of the subordinates in the office do not like Mr. Selph's disciplinary regime, but St. Louis likes its results in service.

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The Agreement With Japan

THAT agreement between Secretary of State Lansing and Count Ishii of Japan, in which this country recognizes Japan's special interests in China, is an interesting incident of diplomacy. But we must remember that the agreement is not binding upon this country, because all treaties to be valid must be approved by the United States Senate. China has promptly raised this point against an understanding concerning her affairs in which she was not consulted. The Japanese idea is that if other nations proceed to exploit China commercially they will endanger the peace of Japan, because China is such a near neighbor. This is *Realpolitik*. I suppose that Japan recognizes our special interest, due to propinquity, in Mexico. We say that we so regard the relation of Japan to China, but China thinks Japan wants to establish a suzerainty over her in order to bar out any development not controlled by the Japanese. It is a question whether our agreement with Japan really guarantees the integrity of China against Japan. Presumably the first purpose of the agreement is to start Germany out of China after the war and the United States agrees in order to keep Japan in line during the war. All of which probably is good politics for the time being. But the Ishii-Lansing agreement is no good until the United States Senate has approved it.

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The Paris Conference

OUR delegation to the Paris conference of the Allies is not imposing, it must be confessed; but it may be that this is due to the fact that the country at large has little knowledge of the abilities of the members. Messrs. E. M. House and Bainbridge Colby are good men but they are not distinguished for knowledge of military strategy, although Mr. House has fought a great mythical civil war in his novel, "Philip Dru, Administrator." We are told that the conference is to be distinctly a war council and is to do nothing concerning peace or the policies to be pursued after peace shall have been declared. Not politics but war will be the subject of deliberation. Of itself this is good. For the warfare of the Allies has failed because of too much politics; each power being concerned with its own imperial ends more than with co-operation for victory. Premier Lloyd-George said as much in his speech at Paris the other day. Undoubtedly the politics that confuses the allied counsels gave impetus to the Russian disintegration. The Allied na-

tions in Europe gave a formal assent to the President's reply to the Pope, but the utterances of men like Bonar Law indicate that the war is not to be fought to a victory in which territorial profit will be renounced. It is no secret that Italy wanted more than her lost provinces, and designed to cut Austria off from the Adriatic, which would mean after the war an issue of Austria *irredenta* to keep the nations embroiled. There is politics in the Italian retreat, for some Italian troops maintained they were fighting Austria and not Germany. France wants Alsace and Lorraine restored and no one knows exactly what Great Britain wants in the Balkans and the east generally, with her interest in Persia and the necessity of keeping control of India. It was politics that caused the blunders in failure to relieve Serbia and support Rumania. Politics lost Bulgaria. Politics has made the occupation of Greece an incomprehensible fizzle thus far. Political cross-purposes have been reflected in military incoherence. Not once have all the Allies struck the enemy at once, on the different fronts. Always the Germans have made the fighting at their own sweet will. The Germans have attacked their enemies separately and with only too much effectiveness, because those enemies were occupying desirable territory rather than smashing at the Germans. The policy of Russia and of Italy should have been to smash the enemy first and consolidate the desired land afterwards. What they got they couldn't hold. The result is that Russia is practically out of the war and Italy in danger of being so. It is high time therefore that the Allies decide upon a unified military programme for 1918. Whether the conference should speak out as to political purposes is doubtful. If there are to be no annexations and no indemnities, Russia may be satisfied but Italy will not. If Italy is to be guaranteed her lost provinces, Russia will be antagonized. Russia, all chaotic though she be, is more in accord with the principles of the President's note to Pope Benedict than any other nation. To the argument that the Paris conference should do nothing but map out a military campaign there is one very strong answer; that there cannot well be a unified military campaign otherwise than on a basis of unified political purpose. The United States delegates have their instructions as to political purpose, in the President's reply to the Pope. Russia's purpose is an impossible one in the circumstances. It goes beyond President Wilson's, in that it calls for a peace between the peoples, whereas the President contemplates a peace between governments, provided that the German government be liberalized, democratized, made representative of the people. The American Federation of Labor in its declaration of principles concerning the war, calls for a recognition, in any settlement, of the identity of the people, or more explicitly the workers, as constituting a part of the government. This is an approach to the Russian position, but a very cautious one. Its wisdom is patent to anyone who has observed that "the people" in Russia are incompetent and impotent, so long as they are not organized into a government. President Wilson may be assumed to have indorsed the proposals of the American Federation of Labor. The workers of the world, as distinct from the governments, are to be represented in the final peace congress. The governments are to make a peace that the workers of the world can and shall approve. These things our delegation to the Paris conference will, of course, make plain to the other conferees. It is not likely that Great Britain will approve at once, for any programme approximately Russian, as is ours, means the annihilation of privilege rule in England. The London *Saturday Review* tells the ruling classes of Great Britain that all they have acquired is lost if they accede to any such programme as Russia has projected or as the President of the United States has accepted with qualifications and reservations. I imagine that our Federation of Labor's pronouncement will make the *Saturday Review* foam at the mouth as it does over the socialism of Kerensky, to say noth-

ing of the impossibilist Bolsheviks. The British landlords are shaking in their shoes over the land programme of Russia, a programme destined to develop supporters not only in Great Britain but in the United States. Our delegation to the Paris conference will insist upon a better co-operation of forces against the enemy, but they may well insist also that the Allies formulate and proclaim a definite agreement of purpose. If they can do the latter they may and probably will receive some co-operation from the elements in Germany that oppose autocracy. If they can get together both militarily and politically they will win the war. If they cannot, Germany will win the war. Germany knows what she wants and concentrates all effort upon getting it. The Allies, thus far, are not agreed as to their aims beyond German defeat. They are fighting at cross-purposes. The weaker members are at the mercy of the enemy's more intelligently organized political purpose and military power. Something is wanted that will bring about not only unity among the Allies, but unity among the people in each allied nation. The governments of the European Allies, it is suspected, like not the self-denying programme of the United States, but the people of those governments must see in it the only promise of an end of war. The Paris conference must solidify the Allied peoples and assure the Teutonic peoples that the end shall not be conquest and isolation. That, with military co-operation, is the means to peace.

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A Wrong Without a Remedy

ALEXANDER P. MACAULEY, of Toronto, Canada, has begun in the United States court here two suits, one for \$500,000 damages against the May Department Stores Company, operating the Famous & Barr company in St. Louis, and another for \$250,000 damages against the Stix, Baer & Fuller Dry Goods Company. The suits grow out of Macauley's arrest in St. Louis on January 3, 1917, on the assumption that he was J. A. Paget, alias "Christmas" Keough, an internationally known crook, who had passed worthless checks on the two stores some days before. The case against Macauley was dropped, here, when it was learned that Keough was wanted in New York for uttering other forgeries like unto those discovered in St. Louis, and Macauley was taken to New York, as Keough. While the case against Macauley was pending in New York, Keough put out other cheques at points far remote from where Macauley was located, so it was clear Macauley was not Keough. Macauley was cleared. But he had been dragged across the country as a notorious crook; he had been written up and pictured in many leading papers; his business as a mining broker had been practically destroyed; his reputation was clouded with suspicion; he had to expend large sums of money in arranging his defence; his health was impaired by the worry consequent upon his plight. If ever a man deserved compensatory damages Mr. Macauley deserves them. He has been made to suffer through no fault of his own, for surely it is no fault that he bears a real or fancied resemblance to the elusive "paper-layer," Mr. "Christmas" Keough. But Mr. Macauley will collect no damages, because he cannot show that the owners or employees of either of the big stores he now sues were actuated by malice towards him, or that they acted towards him upon insufficient grounds. Nor can Mr. Macauley recover damages from the police, for the same reason, because the police acted in accord with the information available and with the usual standards of ordinary human judgment. He cannot sue the state. He has been made terribly to suffer, but he has no recourse. It would seem to anyone that reparation of some kind should be an indispensable part of vindication, but it is not, under the law. Clearly the state should make some provision for righting such a wrong, but it does not. Here is something that lawyers say does not exist—a wrong without a remedy. There is needed surely a statute to cover cases such as Mr. Macauley's. It is strange that

with so many laws there is not a law to insure the victim of abuses like this some adequate redress. Of course the state could pass a law, I suppose, compensating Mr. Macauley, but I doubt if it would do so.

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Mexico Boils Again

THERE'S been more revolution in Mexico lately. Felix Diaz is reported as heading a revolutionary outbreak against Carranza's government and the Villa forces were said last Sunday to be menacing the town of Ojinaga. We have forgot about Mexico in the pressure of greater matters, but there is still an American force on the Mexican border. It is not inconceivable that another raid might be made into our territory, under German instigation, with design to create a situation that would necessitate sending to the border troops that otherwise would be sent to Europe. At Washington, however, there seems to be very little present concern over our relations with Mexico. Carranza's friendship for this country is taken for granted. It is probable that Carranza is friendly, but there is no assurance that some of the revolutionists old or new will not break over the line somewhere and do what Villa did. Our European enemies are not above creating a diversion of that kind.

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A Mucker and a Musician

It is silly on our part to get worked up over such a thing as the refusal of Director Muck to play "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the Boston Symphony concerts. Of course, Muck is a boor and a prig when he regards our national song as vulgar music unfit for the aesthetic ear, and of course "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be played by the Boston orchestra, with or without the directorship of Herr Doktor Karl Muck. The angel of the symphony, Col. Higginson, will have it, and so will the populace that attends the concerts. Muck will have to play or pass out where he belongs, to muckerdom, for his attitude is unqualifiedly offensive to his supporters. His attempted justification upon aesthetic grounds is worthless, for the playing of the national melody could in no way detract from the value of the performance of more technically distinguished numbers on the Boston symphony programmes. There is nothing inartistic in folk-song and "The Star-Spangled Banner" has become one of our folk songs. Muck is a super-intellectual cad who is done for, if not now, then later. On the other hand there's the case of violinist Fritz Kreisler, whose concert at Youngstown, Ohio, was prohibited last week. That action was abominable. The charge against Kreisler is that he is an alien enemy. He is not. He is an Austrian, and this country is not at war with Austria. He is said to be sending money to the Austrian enemy. He admits that he sent money to his old paralyzed father, impoverished by Russian invasion in Galicia. He has sent aid to Russian and Serbian orphans and to artists stranded in Austria, among them Englishmen, Russians, French and Italians. Kreisler has been denounced in Vienna for helping these enemies of Austria. And he hasn't sent a penny to Austria since the United States entered the war. It is a shame that Americans should persecute a man like Kreisler. It is a revelation of smallness of soul masquerading as pacifism. Kreisler was a soldier of Austria, was wounded and discharged as an invalid, but he was not wounded fighting against us. Until we got into the war his wound was a badge of honor. What has made him a vile caitiff since? Kreisler is a great artist, devoted to music, as he says, because it, like all true art is "the dead center of all passion and strife, the sublime God-inspired leveler of things, the ultimate repacifier, rehumanizer and rebuilders of destroyed bridges of understanding between nations." The silencing of such a man is no glory for this country. It is atrocious, indefensible proscription. It is on a par with the unutterably vile, brutal, obscene maltreatment of a man like Herbert S. Bigelow for no offense other than suggesting that the President might consider

milder methods of dealing with Germany. How miserably provincial is our treatment of Kreisler when we know that London is listening to the operas of Wagner, that Berlin hears and applauds French operas and that in both Berlin and Vienna there are always good audiences for the plays of Shakespeare. True patriotism does not contract the soul, but enlarges it. True love of country vaunts not itself in wanton denial of the manifestations of genius in other countries, for the genius of art is universal. Fritz Kreisler is not an enemy. As artist, and he comes to us only as that, he is our friend. His statement in response to his proscription is that of a gentle man. It is a fitting rebuke to his persecutors, as is that of Herbert Bigelow, who without sanctimoniousness, says in effect of those who denuded and lashed him, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Let us have no more of foolish persecution. Let us, as the President said to the American Federation of Labor, have patience with those who may be dissentients with regard to the war, and let us prove the democracy we want to make safe in the world by a scrupulous regard for all civil rights. Our rages against a Kreisler, a Bigelow, are not noble. They are petty and mean. Mob-law is as inimical to democracy as any assault by plutocracy.

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Speeding Up Shipping

REORGANIZATION of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's Shipping Board means that we have come somewhat quicker than Great Britain did to the conclusion that it is better to leave the matter of providing ships to engineers who are also business men, than to include it among the duties and functions of the navy department. There was too much red tape and general dilatory meticulousness under naval management. There was not enough resiliency in the administration and this resulted in deadlocks that hampered progress. The navy went in too much for a sort of sacred ritual and it didn't understand the necessity of give-and-take in dealing with labor or the difficulties of transportation of lumber and steel. Your naval man is accustomed to having his word accepted as law, but shipbuilding on the scale and at the pace now required cannot be conducted by any stately, unswerving method. The business man and the engineer get what they want, one way or another, mostly by getting around the rough places. A difficulty under naval direction was that specifications for shipping were changed too often. That doesn't go when the problem is to turn out a standardized product. Speed is the chief thing desired. Great Britain discovered this two years ago. With business men in charge of operations, ships are being built faster than submarines can sink other ships. That is what this country wants—ships all alike, ships numerous, ships quickly. Rear Admiral Capps remains as head of the emergency fleet corporation, but his duties will be taken over largely by Charles A. Piez, a Chicago engineer. The navy has and will have enough to do without supervising the output of merchant shipping.

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Germany's New Cabinet

LATEST dispatches from Berlin, by way of London, assert positively that with von Hertling as chancellor, von Payer as vice-chancellor and Freidberg as vice-president of the Prussian ministry, a coalition liberal government of Germany is assured, with Clericals, Nationals, Liberals and Progressives in the cabinet. The Conservatives appear to be without representation, something that has never happened before. The prospects are said to be good for the passage of an electoral reform bill, which will be a start, however small, towards really representative government. How sweeping are the reforms contemplated in the electoral bill can not now be estimated. The appointment of von Hertling as chancellor is thought by many to foreshadow another peace proposal by the Pope. Bavaria, Catholic and somewhat discontented, is supposed to be more inclined to peace than any other part of Germany.

Von Hertling is from Bavaria and his appointment is a sort of solatium. Bavaria is also the home of Erzberger, whose peace talk coincided with Austro-Hungarian "feelers" on that subject and preceded the Pope's proposals by a short time. If Bavaria is pacifistically inclined it is thought von Hertling is also. At last reports he was reorganizing the Bavarian ministry from which he has been promoted. The Socialists are reported as believing that von Hertling will work with the Reichstag majority groups. A Catholic chancellor working with Socialists is somewhat of an anomaly. It is highly probable that the government will use for its full value the Italian drive as an argument against any lowering of the tone of haughtiness in the peace discussions during the next meeting of the Reichstag. Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Mackensen have something to say about the folly of talking peace with Russia paralyzed and Italy in retreat. Prussian electoral reform may come, they will say, but it should not come until after the war, when it shall come to ratify victory. Until the electoral reform does come the junkers and the war lords are in power no matter who may be in the cabinet. Germany may be giving outward signs of democratization, but there are no evidences of the inward grace thereof.

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What's Doing at Petrograd

THERE'S one thing that all the Russian revolutionists want. That is the land. They know there cannot be any true political or economic freedom without it. Even Kerensky wants to devolute the land from its present proprietors to possession by all the people. When the chaotic political elements that want the social and economic system made over in a few days are brought into subjection to law and order, there will be an opportunity to begin the work of getting the land for the people by taxing it out of the hands of those who now monopolize it. The Bolsheviks are the wild men of the revolution. They are more like our anarchists than anything else. Without any provision for the concentration and exercise of authority they cannot do anything but riot. The moderates must eventually triumph and even the moderates in Russia are land reformers who would be regarded as radicals here or in England or France or Italy. There is not a chance that czarism will return. The removal of the czar is Russia's pledge that she does not contemplate an overwhelming descent upon Germany, that she harbors no more the imperial design to seize Constantinople, that she does not want to use the Balkans as small change for diplomatic dickerings. As that most percipient observer, Mr. Roland Greene Usher, says, the revolution means the removal of Germany's last excuse for war—fear of Russian domination. The revolution is consistent. It foregoes the ambition of Russia to dominate Europe and it adheres to the policy of Russia for the Russians. There can be no Russia for the Russians if the Russian people cannot get their own land. They cannot get it through the Bolsheviks. They can only get it through the coming into power of Kerensky, the moderate Socialist, or someone like him. As this issue of the paper goes to press it seems likely that the Bolsheviks are crushed in Petrograd. They had no power elsewhere. The rest of Russia is against them. They cannot terrorize a provisional government set up in Moscow. And they are being put out of business not by reactionaries but by radicals. Kerensky is no junker nor friend of junkers. What seems to be emerging from the Petrograd chaos now is not a counter-revolution. It is the revolution that recognizes that nothing can be accomplished by anarchism, however idealistic. The revolution is coming to its senses. And the first thing on the revolution programme is the destruction of monopoly in land. How to do that Tolstoy told Russia, and he learned it from Henry George. That is the democracy which the Russians want to demonstrate to the Germans. That is what they offer as proof that they desire a peace between peo-

ples. It is what the revolution wants all the peoples to do to establish a free earth. But the Germans are not paying any attention to that programme. They are out for conquest of land and control of trade. The revolution, with Krensky's eyes, sees that the one thing in the way of a free earth is German autocracy and militarism.

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At the Piave

ITALY makes a stand, but a precarious one, at the Piave. It is a fervent hope rather than an ardent faith that inspires the statement that Venice will be preserved. There is only too much ground for thinking that here again Great Britain has been "too late," though Cadorna's shortened front may stay the Teuton avalanche from the Carnic Alps long enough to enable sufficient artillery to get there.

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A Potent Pair

PRESIDENT WILSON's speech to the American Federation of Labor is a tremendous document, a master presentation of the issues of the war and the way to settle them right, but we must not forget that little, old, skull-capped Samuel Gompers got the President an audience whose collaboration of sympathy contributed to the magnificence of the utterance. Labor is right on the war, which could not be won otherwise and the courageous straight-thinking of Samuel Gompers made it so. Gompers, even as Wilson, is a leader who leads.

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To Out-Hoover Hoover

FOURTEEN millions of acres of land are held out of use in Missouri. They yield no product and practically no revenue. They could be made to yield both by taxation of their rental value. A like condition exists in every state in the union. In every state a like remedy would produce like results. Missouri is going to try to apply the remedy if the Homestead Loan and Land League can get before the people a bill for a loan fund for land purchase by a tax on land values exempting all improvements. Such legislation, national in scope, would get results in food and all other supplies that would surpass the best possible achievements in conservation of a thousand Hoovers as capable as Hoover the First.

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A Threat of Strike

I DON'T think this country will stand for a strike of the four big railway brotherhoods just now. The nation cannot permit a hold-up of the transportation companies to the tune of \$109,000,000, or if it does, the money will have to be provided by bigger rate increases than the railroads have yet asked. Fair wages for workers—sure! But the country is bigger than the brotherhoods and in no mood for a repetition of the events of August, 1916.

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Same Old Story

THE San Antonio, Texas, *World* says that the location of an army encampment near that city has boosted rents and land values out of all whooping. Other business has had a boom, but the war and other taxes get some of the profits. The landlords are not touched by the taxes at all. It's the other way about: the landlords do a lot of taxing for themselves. Sedentary land monopoly takes toll first and last of every public and private activity.

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YOU MUST COME ACROSS for the Y. M. C. A. in its appeal for funds to provide recreation for the soldiers that will keep them from the bar and the brothel and the gambling hell. The boys must not come back sots and rots. Y. M. C. A.—You Must Come Across!

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The Drive on Lloyd-George

THAT big Tory drive against Premier Lloyd-George is coming strong in England. The fault-finding with him is not because he has not done well a stupendous work in the prosecution of the war. It is because the privileged classes in Great Britain fear the changes that are certain to come

after the war, under his leadership. The nobility and gentry are being deftly worked up into a state of mind in which they conceive of Lloyd-George as little better than a Russian Bolshevik. As at times I read some of the Tory papers of London, I cannot help thinking that there are elements in England the members of which would sooner see her lose in the war than that Lloyd-George, having helped to win the war, should proceed to give to the men in the trenches their share in the country they fought for and their comrades died to save.

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THE selective draft becomes more democratically selective. The men who are registered and called will to all practical intents and purposes select or reject themselves by their answers to the questionnaire. Democracy may fumble a bit in efficiency at first, but it finally gets there.

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Feeble Japan

GENERAL OSHIMA, Japanese minister of war, says that Japan cannot send troops to Europe in aid of the Allies because of tremendous cost and lack of tonnage. Baron Takahashi, minister of finance, says the Japanese army is deficient in ordnance and airplane equipment. Methinks the Nipponese ministers do protest too much. Maybe Japan has not been asked to send troops, and if she is going to send them it is not likely she would notify Germany of her intention to do so. There's a good deal of camouflage in Japanese policy just now.

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GERTRUDE HOFFMANN has been arrested for an immoral performance in a St. Louis theatre. The lady has been doing about the same kind of a performance for years and no one found fault with it. The only explanation of the belated action upon the part of the St. Louis authorities is, possibly, that her little act needed the advertisement the prosecution will give it.

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The Shortage of Army Doctors

IT is time for the draft of physicians to begin. The army is going to need a great number of them. A census of the medical profession of the country has been completed, and figures show that for the regular and national armies and the national guard 17,000 surgeons are available, and a total of 22,000 men. A recent authoritative article on this subject says that in order to obtain the 17,000 medical men it has been necessary to resort already to what amounts practically to conscription. Such pressure has been brought to bear upon well-known surgeons and specialists, to accept commissions in the army, that they have found it almost impossible for patriotic reasons, to resist. Men are drawing the pay of first lieutenants to-day who a month ago enjoyed incomes from private practice from ten to twenty times as large. Some of these men would find it difficult to pay the rent of their offices on the salaries they receive. The same authority above referred to says that although the medical profession, generally speaking, has responded patriotically, it is no secret that a great many slackers have been uncovered, as evidenced by the fact that about 1,000 doctors have declined to accept commissions in the medical corps of the army that were sent to them. They are staying home and absorbing the practice of the men who put country ahead of the dollar. When the United States went into the war there were available only 500 medical officers. The service has grown to a force of 1,400 now on active duty, with 3,000 more available, and an additional 5,000 in sight. There was a grand total of 132,000 doctors in the whole country to draw from. With respect to the future, in the event of a long war, the outlook is not encouraging. It is estimated that only 3,500 graduates will be turned out of the medical colleges this year, and it is the intention of the war department to absorb the entire number as soon as they are available. It may be necessary practically to conscript medical students before they have completed their college course. They are all

young men of military age, and it is likely that those conscripted in the draft will be taken over at once by the medical reserve corps. There are many doctors in the ranks outside of the medical service, privates in the infantry and artillery. They will be taken into the medical reserve. The United States realizes that the scarcity of material for medical officers constitutes a real peril. It is trying to avoid the mistakes the allied governments made. England was lavish in the expenditure of her doctors in the early stages of the war, and subsequently had to call out medical students before they had completed their education. Canada has been raked and combed for doctors, and the training of men there for future service is receiving careful attention now. The United States is looking ahead, appreciating the depletion suffered by England and France and realizing that, as the war continues, the Allies or co-belligerents, must more and more look to America for the surgeons who play such a vital part in modern warfare. So at least says Mr. George Rothwell Brown, writing from Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, where the government is concentrating the training of medical officers. The doctors must do their bit.

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The Symphony Orchestra

By Victor Lichtenstein

IN the spring of 1914 David Bispham, the American baritone, then on tour as a vaudeville artist, received notice from his alma mater, Haverford College, that the degree of Doctor of Laws had been conferred on him. In an address on the "Ministry of Music," delivered on the occasion of the conferring of this degree, the artist expressed his astonishment at the complete change of viewpoint regarding musicians, and his lively gratification over the fact that they were at last looked upon as educators. In 1872, when Mr. Bispham entered college, and for four years thereafter, no musical instrument was allowed within its walls; and this prohibition applied also to choral singing. As he suggested in his address, this attitude, more rigid at Haverford than elsewhere, indicated a point of view characteristic of many American colleges. Music was tolerated as a diversion, but was not considered worthy of the serious attention of the educated man or woman, or as offering an honorable career.

Now in this year of terror and hope, music has become in many universities a subject of study of almost equal importance with mathematics and philosophy, for despite the pose affected by some, there is no mystery about musical composition. The composer has ideas which come to him as mental concepts come to the writer. To give these ideas intelligible and artistic shape demands methods which are the outgrowth of the laws governing the action of the intellect. This is particularly the case in respect to works in larger form which we find constructed according to æsthetic principles observed and formulated centuries ago, and regarded, even to-day, when they may seem to be set aside by the radicals.

But what has all this to do with our Symphony Orchestra? Apparently nothing, and yet everything. If an art with the irresistible appeal of music has taken its place as a subject for serious research in our great schools of learning, surely it is worthy of our thoughtful consideration when the finest flowering of the musical brains of the ages is brought before our attention every week of the season at the Odeon. At the annual meeting of the society last Wednesday, I made the statement, advisedly, that in no city in America, yes, in the whole world, will you hear programmes superior to ours in dignity and beauty, and that if we do not avail ourselves of this privilege it is our loss.

I do not mean to imply that our orchestra is the equal of any in the world, or that there is no room for improvement. At the first popular concert last Sunday afternoon, the general effect was an excel-

lent one. In a dainty little berceuse by Juon arranged for the orchestra by Mr. Zach, the color scheme in the woodwind choir was charming in its delicate contrasts of oboe, clarinet, and flute timbre; and in Wagner's "Procession of the Women" (Lohengrin), a superb climax was achieved through a subtle gradation of dynamics from the softest whisper of the woodwinds to the most brilliant and imposing sonorities of the full orchestra.

A promising young artist is the new concert-master, Gussikoff. He played three movements from Lalo's superb Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra with brilliant yet solid technical mastery, with lovely, warm, caressing tone-quality, and with a fiery spirit which is one of the happy prerogatives of youth. But I recall in this connection a superb performance of one of the most difficult works in musical literature, the Joachim Hungarian concerto, by our former concert-master, Hugo Olk, during the St. Louis World's Fair. Olk was then in his prime as a soloist and played with sovereign mastery and ease. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*

Glancing over the proposed programmes I find that the conductor has planned his season with the same catholicity of taste which has hitherto always guided him. Of unusual interest is the announcement of D'Indy's Mountain Symphony, in which Mr. Harold Bauer will assist the orchestra at the piano. D'Indy's "Istar," played here last season, revealed him as a musician of commanding resource in orchestral painting, of austere taste in the selection and arrangement of his material, and, not least, as genuinely French in his melodic line. The French folk-song idiom is mediaeval in its adherence to the old church modalities and in this respect resembles the finest Irish folk-song.

And last of all, "lest we forget," it is well for us who feel the magic and wistful beauty of song and dance and color and form to have more knowledge of them than comes by instinct alone. The deeper, the more enthralling our experiences, the more we need to understand them and how they change us. At the present writing a new music is unfolding just as a new religious spirit is unfolding; and it is the mystic quality of this new music which appears to be the essence of its development. Dancing was the first word of outer religious ceremonial, just as music was the first manifestation of inner religious experience. We are all weary of materialistic science and realistic art and we know that the life of the spirit is real and lovely and passionate as the life of the flesh.

Says Rutland Boughton: "When we have trained our bodies in that rhythmic movement upon which the universe hangs, and our minds in that mystical music which eludes the dissection of science and logic, then perhaps we may find another Jacob's ladder swinging from the sky, with angels and men and devils all joyfully ascending and descending in the sheer rapture of spiritual adventure and discovery." Go to the symphony concerts and refresh your souls.

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The Return to Ruskin

By John L. Hervey

IT is refreshing to encounter an essay like Mr. Alexander McKendrick's "Ruskin Reconsidered," which he very recently contributed to the MIRROR, for it leads the reader pleasantly into pleasant and profitable paths. Yet despite the writer's evident desire to do justice to the unique personality which he seeks to evaluate, he misses, it seems to me, certain items not rightly to be omitted from the audit, while others he somewhat questionably writes up.

There are, as Mr. McKendrick says, three Ruskins to be considered, or reconsidered—namely, Ruskin the art critic, Ruskin the social reformer and Ruskin the man; but, as a matter of fact, there are also others and, most notably, there is Ruskin the literary artist. The moral force of Ruskin, upon which Mr.

McKendrick really rests his case, is in comparison a minor point. It is not because I underrate his ethos that I would say his "heart of purest gold" was relatively unimportant as compared to his literary genius. That his heart factored in this genius is beyond dispute—it bulks large therein. But without his mastery of the English language it would have been of small avail in placing him upon the eminence to which he rose and upon which, at the last, he will remain. If English criticism, in some millennial future, ever reaches the estate of criticism across the channel, I can imagine some delicate and discriminating talent carefully weighing, analyzing and exposing the influence of Ruskin, which has been both immense and complicated, has penetrated far and wide, ramifies in many strange directions and has produced strange results. To the lover of literature and of literary art, such a work would be infallibly an illumination and a delight.

Concerning Ruskin's sociological theories I do not mean to speak, but that they are all so compendiously discredited as Mr. McKendrick would have us believe, I am not entirely certain. And most certainly his theories of art are not by any means so discredited as Mr. McKendrick asserts. That "the kind of pictures he commended as the highest form of art have ceased to find purchasers" is a curiously mistaken idea. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" is an apologia, in five volumes, for the art of Turner, and surely Mr. McKendrick would not have us believe that the paintings of Turner no longer find purchasers? If they do not, it is because they cannot be bought, being considered beyond price by their possessors. But if, let us say, "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" or "The Fighting Temeraire" were to-morrow to be offered at auction, I feel safe in saying that the price it would fetch would enable the vendor to become the owner of several Whistlers—which I say without disrespect to the latter. Speaking of Whistler, Mr. McKendrick is in error in remarking that it was of his "Battersea Bridge" that Ruskin wrote as "a pot of printer's ink splashed in the face of the public." The painting which aroused Ruskin's outburst was the "Nocturne in Black and Gold," otherwise intended for a distant view of Cremorne Gardens, illuminated by a falling rocket and other fireworks. Ruskin described it as "a pot of paint (not of printer's ink) flung in the face of the public," on account of which Whistler instituted the famous case for libel that resulted in the equally famous verdict in his favor of one farthing damages—the farthing being worn triumphantly as a watch-charm by the triumphant plaintiff to the end of his career.

An interesting thesis might be constructed about the question, Which has exercised the greater influence upon modern art, Whistler or Turner? We cannot look about us in any direction to-day without encountering the influences of both men, either conspicuous or latent, but in so far as modern painting becomes ever more preoccupied with problems of light, of color and of *plein air*, it is not perhaps too much to say that the influence of Turner is proving the greater, for even those who deny it constantly reveal it. Along with its pervasiveness as an influence, there is also something monumental in the art of Turner which we miss altogether in that of Whistler, whose hall mark is *intimité* and who never, like his Japanese models, quite escapes the category of the "little masters." In mentioning this I do not overlook the fact that the very monumental quality of Turner has not operated happily upon his disciples, who, almost to a man, have proved in this respect that none but Odysseus could bend Odysseus' bow. The trend of the most modern opinion points us toward the condition that Whistler's influence is destined to be greatest as an etcher and lithographer and not as a painter—i. e., that black and white, not color, was his true *métier*. On the other hand, to think of Turner is to think of color and always color, despite the fact that originally much of his reputation grew out of his great landscape "compositions" as engraved and

printed in black and white. We never think of a Whistler without instinctively calling up the image of something low in tone, whereas we never think of a Turner without instinctively picturing the reverse of that.

It is as ill-considered to quote Ruskin's Whistlerian (or anti-Whistlerian) dictum as indicative of his capacity as an art-critic as it would be to quote Whistler's of Turner. The wonderful effects of Turner Whistler described as "accidents," while he also went upon record as pronouncing the difference between a real and an imitation Turner so subtle as to be imperceptible. There is something deliciously ironic in this in view of recent happenings, for only a few seasons ago a whole crowd of Whistler worshipers pronounced the imitations of one of his epigones authentic works of the master! Had there been a trace more of urbanity in his nature, I could fancy the shade of Whistler seeking out that of Turner in the Elysian Fields to chuckle over the occurrence—and, perhaps, meeting with a rebuff, for Turner himself was not celebrated for *camaraderie*.

The universal and the eternal mistake of the reader of art criticism is the failure to allow for the idiosyncrasies of the critic, particularly when that critic happens himself to be an artist and, most particularly, a very great artist. Even in the case of so universal a genius as that of Leonardo this holds good. In the case of Ruskin it is doubly true. The intensity of his nature prevented him from being impartial—but that is no reason for waving him out of court. It is only necessary to read Ruskin with a feeling at once for his limitations and his illimitabilities to realize that after all his errors of feeling and judgment have been discounted, he knows more about art, and about nature, the base of art, in a moment than the majority of those who deride him will know in the length of their lives. Rightly read, for instance, "Modern Painters" can be, to the lover of painting, if not a "liberal education," one of the most educative of experiences.

The importance of Ruskin to modern painting was his insistence upon truth and upon the return to nature. Whether "his truth was the truth" is but a subsidiary matter, seeing that we none of us can comprehend any truth except our own. Our truth, in art, may be that of Ruskin, or of Whistler, or of somebody else, but when all is said and done it is our only one. We will perhaps be better off, in a critical sense, if it is mixed of several of these elements—but that creatively this temperament can greatly help us is another problem.

In the case of Ruskin vs. Whistler we may say that Ruskin loved nature for its own sake and that of art, whereas Whistler loved it principally for the sake of Whistler and his ability to "arrange" it. There is at least one of the maxims of Ruskin which has a curiously Whistlerian accent—I refer to that in which he remarks that "It sometimes appears to me that as pictures rise in rank as works of art, they are regarded with less devotion and more curiosity." None of us, I think, but has experienced this feeling of curiosity in the presence of Whistler and with many of us it remains. Doubtless, also, it was precisely what the painter strove to evoke. Whereas the feeling evoked by Turner, say, or those paintings which Ruskin most loved and praised, was that of wonder and devotion. And that is why it is nowadays easier to paint after the manner of Whistler than of Turner, for modern painting is devoured by the spirit of curiosity—a curiosity which so often verges into impertinence or degenerates, if you permit that term, into insolence.

The "renaissance of wonder," which, so some modern prophets declare, must be the salvation of art, has not as yet gone far in painting or got much of anywhere—and this, perhaps, in part explains why modern painting is a thing so confused and chaotic, so erratic, so uncharted and so vertiginous. If the Mephistophelian spirit of curiosity for its

own sake at last is exorcised we may begin to reach some tangible goal, some goal whose conquest is to be a permanent glory rather than a mere point of departure upon new gyrations.

But enough of art, that quantity which so defies equation. We may or may not be interested in Ruskin as its interpreter, whereas as the interpreter of nature we cannot neglect him if we in any way at all for nature care. Of the entire contemporary school of "nature writers" Ruskin is in one way or another a progenitor, often the principal one. Not all these children are a credit to their father, as must ever be the case. But at best the "return to nature" in our literature has been largely a return through Ruskin. In this way, if no other, our debt to him is incomputable. Ruskin saw nature, Ruskin felt nature, Ruskin described nature and made her glorious for us in a manner and with a power which, before and since, were and are unequalled. Beneath the literary magnificence is an emotional force which, if you can feel or surrender to it, brings something new into your own poor life—something renovating, something wide and winged, something dwelling upon the heights but looking with love into the valleys, clothed with the splendor of the sunset but wearing also the humility of the dawn.

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Tales While You Wait

VII. THE 9:15

By Addison Lewis

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Mr. Rudyard Kipling,
C/o The London Times,
London, England.

Dear Sir:

YOUR address is not handy, so I am asking the editor of the MIRROR to forward this to the London Times, hoping it will reach you. It is like this, Mr. Kipling. I am a middle-aged business man, successful enough to have a good deal of time on my hands, and not living with my wife. At least I wasn't when that poem of yours, "Romance Brought Up the 9:15" or something like it, fell into my hands. But my domestic affairs are not directly concerned with the object of this letter. They are only incidental and came in at the tag end, after your poem had got in its infernal mischief. I shall mention them in their place.

To get at the root of the matter at once, I am writing this as an earnest—a most strenuous—protest against the false ideas of life contained in that poem of yours. Allow me to explain.

On a certain evening some three months back, I was sitting in my club, reading the evening paper, when a fellow member, hitherto respected by me, placed in my hand a volume of yours containing this "9:15" poem. I read the same with interest and was in a measure impressed by it. Impressed, I say, because this is what I did. The poem, as you perhaps remember, advances the notion that romance, far from being dead in the twentieth century, may be found in any 9:15 train approaching a station. Being bored with myself that evening, I concluded I would try out your theory and see for myself, plainly speaking, whether, being a poet, you were just talking to hear yourself talk, or actually knew what you were about.

I took a taxi to the Union station, lighted a good cigar and sat down on a bench. Trains were arriving almost every five minutes, but after consulting my watch, I decided to wait for the train nearest your hour—9:15. It was then 9:06, and the announcer told me the next train was due at 9:19—if it came in on time.

It pulled in at 9:23, and I sauntered over to the crowd spilling through the gates. I gave them the thorough once-over, but failed to detect anything that looked like romance. It was an up-country train, and I have seldom seen a more seedy, dusty

lot of ex-passengers: farmers and their wives, clothing salesmen, and young girls coming to town to exchange a county full of ozone for a department store effluvia of cheap perfume and cheap goods. Only one figure among the lot seemed at all interesting—a scared little girl with red cheeks, about 18. And that was chiefly on account of her actions. She was very nervous and excited about something; instead of leaving the station with her shabby suitcase, she sat down on a bench and scanned the faces of all incomers. She fidgetted with her gloved hands, adjusted and readjusted her hat. Really not bad looking in a mild, reddish sort of a way.

I walked about slowly—fifteen minutes—twenty-five minutes—half an hour—through the station, in and out. She hadn't budged. Once the matron—a swarthy, curious creature—spoke to her, and I could see she got what she deserved—nothing. The girl continued to fidget—and adjust her hat.

Finally I went up and asked if I could do anything.

"Nothing, sir, thank you," she said.

That was enough for me, and I went out, glad I'd done my duty. I walked a half block and turned back. When a man reaches fifty his good sense often begins to get rubbery around the edges.

"Look here," I said, "you've been waiting for somebody and he hasn't come; isn't that right?"

She said yes.

"Well, now, look here, you know you can't stay here all night."

"I know it," she said.

"Well,—excuse me—do you know where you're going to stay then?"

"No."

"Just as I thought," I said. "Have you got the price—have you any money?"

"He said not to worry about that," she said.

"Where does he live then—do you know his address?"

"No. He always wrote from a hotel—different hotels. I don't remember their names."

I was beginning to see daylight.

"I hate to say it," I said, "but I've got a sort of hunch that maybe your friend isn't coming to-night. Did he know the train?"

"I wrote him."

"Excuse me—did he ask you to come?" She looked at me—hard.

"I don't see why I have to answer these questions," she said.

"You don't," I admitted, "except that I am trying to help you. However—" I turned on my heel. A snippy young thing! Then I heard a funny sound, and the more fool I was, I turned back. She was crying.

"What's the matter with you," I asked her. I was disgusted.

She didn't answer, but sat there rocking her body, sniffing into a little rag of a handkerchief.

I looked at her, then called a taxi.

"Come on," I said. "I'm going to take you to the Travelers' Aid." I waved the big matron away as we went out. When we were in the car she whimpered, "I've never stayed in a charity place before."

"You mean you don't want to go to the Aid?"

"I'd rather stay at a hotel. I'm going back home to-morrow and my father will send you the price of my room. He didn't know I came—that's why I haven't any money."

"All right," I said. I wasn't in any mood for arguing. I'd got myself into a mess and I wanted to get out of it as soon as possible. So I took her to a hotel and told the clerk to give her a room, and left him the price of her ticket home. Romance? Well, listen!

Next morning, just as I reached the office, about ten, there was a call on the 'phone. That fool girl. Said she'd got my name from the clerk. Wanted to see me right away. Might she come up? I banged down the receiver and told the stenographer

if such a person asked for me again to say I had left for the Yukon, or Paradise, or Kokomo, Indiana.

Then I put on my hat and went over to the hotel. She came down trembling. I was chewing on my cigar, mad clean through.

"What do you mean, disturbing me at my place of business?" I growled at her. "If there's anything else I can do for you I'd be very glad—"

Well, she hadn't anything to say. Just blubbered around, tried to smile and made a mess of it—finally went all to pieces and blurted out the whole damnable, dastardly story.

Romance? Oh, mother!

By the time she got through, I had eaten half my cigar, and my collar was about two sizes too small for me.

"Now, look here," I said, "I'll have nothing to do with this wretched business. The thing for you to do is to chase back to father and tell it all—understand?"

"But you don't know my father!" The look on her face told me what father was like.

"Suit yourself about that, but suit yourself quick," I said. "I know a place where you can go," I added. I didn't, but I thought I could find one.

In the card-index of fools you will find me listed under A—No. 1.

Well, the long and short of it was that I made all arrangements—but they, as you say, Kipling, are another yarn.

Things were so-so for three months, until one morning I got word to drop around. I dropped—and by the gods of war I've never seen a finer, more walloping boy. Sound as a nut, red all over, and as full of squeaks as a 1902 Ford. The little beggar!

She was sitting up in bed, happy, and first thing she did was to ask my full name. I told her, right off the non-skid, if she tried to name that kid after me I'd throw him in the river and have her juggled. But I'll be hanged if I wasn't calling him Charlie inside the next half-hour, same as she was.

When I got up to go she put over the grand climax. There was a knock, and in walked the young whelp who'd failed to meet her at the station, smiling as you please. Say, Kipling, I wish you'd been there to hear me take him to the cleaners! Was he downhearted? Took it all cool as a government bond salesman, trying to sell a poor widow with six sons in the army. Said he and Letty had decided to get married—with my permission. I asked the girl if it was so. She simpered and looked silly, as women do on such occasions. Well, I washed my hands of them—told 'em to go as far as they liked. Warned 'em never to come near me or I'd complain to the authorities, and left 'em a check to make it sure.

I had a month of peace after that. And then the avalanche!

One Saturday afternoon I was sitting in my office, smoking, after the force had all gone on their weekend jaunts, waiting to see my wife about her half-yearly allowance, when in stalks this young person and her blackguard and her baby. Before I could get up steam to order them out of the office, she says they are settling in a little flat, and have to buy some furniture. Would I mind looking after their brat for an hour! Of course not! Not! If I were a younger man, Kipling, I'd cross the ocean and challenge you to a ten-round mill with paving stones, at ten paces, the loser to seek out and burn every volume containing that blasted poem of yours. For, by the eternal, before I could even yip, they'd plunged that squirming bundle into my lap and slammed the door.

Well, sir, for five minutes I felt like a blind man holding a lighted bomb. I expected anything.

I figured the safe bet was to keep it busy—so I gave it my cigar and my watch, and my eyeglasses, and my check book. And when it'd got 'em all, the blasted little beggar began to howl. I talked to it, severely, with no results, except to aggravate the

noise. So I stood it for a while, then, by George, if I didn't get down on my knees on the floor and baa like a sheep, hoping to distract its attention.

Naturally, just at the crucial moment, when I'd let out a particularly strong sheep call—in walks my wife. Praise be to the fates, however, she paid no more attention to me than if I'd been the waste basket.

In a half-minute's time the coo-cooing she worked up over that benighted male baby would have furnished tunes for ten hives of bees. I sat in a corner and waited.

Finally she looked at me.

"Charles, I've heard every word of the wonderful things you've done for the mother of this adorable child!" she said.

"Rot," I offered.

"And Charles, you can't imagine how envious I have been that we could not be doing this great good work together. Charles—"

I knew what was coming.

"Charles, we've been blithering fools—"

Well, I'm not going into that. The point is that she got around me, and we've decided to try it again. And she's picked out a young trouble-maker, almost the exact image of that squirming bundle, she insists she's going to adopt.

So you see, Kipling, what your "9:15" nonsense has done for me.

Romance! Where do you get that stuff?

Yours,

CHARLES H. HIGBEE.

P. S.—That young female has just 'phoned my wife that it has a tooth!

♦♦♦♦

Now

By Anna Dierssen

CAN'T you see, dear heart, I want you now? You look into my eyes and speak of then, Of that uncertain time when war is done, When swords are sheathed and you come home to me.

But if—if—Oh! my love, I want you now, For these few weeks or for the hour you go. I want to lay my hand in yours and say "I will, beyond the stars, or here with me, Wherever it is you go or stay, I will—I'll take your name for mine to guard and keep, I give my heart to you forevermore."

We mount the hill and turn to look down there, Among the tree tops where the city lies, A small, grey mother-town with hovering roofs, And one slim spire that rises up and up, A mother-finger pointing toward the sky. You break into a funny, twisted smile, Your eyes half closed—it means such worlds to us, That grim old church beneath the silver spire, A place of hard, straight pews and lofty beams And distant altar where the rays of light Fall like blossoms through the colored panes.

Twice we've come before that wreathed altar Abloom with all the grannies' tended flowers. As wee, pink mites they brought us there In long, white robes to dedicate our souls To God above and all just deeds below. Then ourselves, great boys and girls, we came, With music down the long, dim nave To breathe with steady lips the awful vow Renouncing "the devil and all his works." You wore a small, white rose above your heart, And I some tiny lilies in my hair; And afterwards when mother took them out, She sighed and smiled through glistening tears. "Twice more!" she whispered softly to herself, "Next time a bride all white you come to bring Your heart's blood for a sacrifice to love."

But—Oh! my dear, suppose it should not be? Suppose we should not come again Until the flowers lie massed and all is black?

You think that too! I know the way you reach, Your eyes still there, and crush my hand in yours. "How near it is?" You think aloud to me, "If we should take the straightest path down there—"

You swing me suddenly about, we face Another way, my arm drawn close through yours.

We wander down an elm-arched lane, We motor out the Rock Bridge road and back, We mount and gallop round the river's curve. Yes, all the long sweet ways about we go, But never, no, not ever, quite down there. A happier time, ah! then I'd love it so, But now there's such a little time for love, And maybe such a little time to live, Why can't we go like children straight ahead?

You listened while the wise ones talked last night—I know, they talked it all again at home, They preached you patiently to wait, wait, wait, Appealing to your honor and your love. They spoke of cruelty. What do they know? They who have lived and loved so long ago, And now would rob us of our breath of life? You rose without a word and strode away, Beginning then to wait—to wait for what?

We walk along and watch the stars come out, It almost seems we walk the sky itself, So sweet the air, so light we move—

There stands the plain, old house of yellow stone Where your father and your father's fathers lived. The elms and locusts sweep above the roof, Like protecting arms of those who've gone before. And close beside the door the roses wait Like little faces eager to be kissed. We lean upon the gate to talk and think Of that sometime when this shall be our home. You picture our two selves together here, And in the silent spot you think—of them In whom you hope some day to live again.

But—Oh! my love, suppose they should not be, If you should go and stay out there and I— You hold me hard against your pounding heart, Your kisses fall upon my eyes and lips, You do not speak, you only hold me close As if you'd never let me go. But I can hear you cry it heart to heart, "My own, I want you, want you, want you now!"

♦♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XXXV. ACCURACY, EFFICIENCY AND COURTLY MANNERS

IN France in the age of Voltaire, it was said with accuracy: "A gentlemen cannot steal." Where accuracy is practiced, brevity is possible; and where brevity is possible, the observant can convey information of value to the unobservant. Where accuracy is not appreciated, diffuse obscurantism results. Voltaire understood the importance of accuracy. He practiced it as no one in France had done before him and perhaps as no one else has done since. In our own country at present, the market demand for accuracy is defined by the quotation for the day: "Nominal and weaker at closing." As they also observed in France that "everything takes ten years," the American demand for accuracy may be at its maximum in the tenth year from the present minimum.

As we do not encourage accuracy at present, it is advisable to become diffuse in explaining the difference between Voltaire and Philip Dormer Stanhope, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield. Voltaire was no gentleman. Chesterfield was a "courtly gentleman" with better manners than the king. When it suited his convenience, Voltaire pretended to be a gentle-

man and assumed the name of Voltaire as more gentlemanly than his own name of Arouet. A gentleman could do anything he thought convenient, except steal. If he had found it convenient to steal, Voltaire could have stolen with great success. As far as I know, he never did, but he might have preferred it to highway robbery, plundering a neighboring country, or any other strenuous method of acquiring revenue which a gentleman, who could not steal, was permitted, if not expected, to practice at his convenience. As, at the expense of accuracy, we are thus in reach of defining the difference between two accurate men, one of whom was a gentleman while the other was not, we may now compare their morals. They had no morals. Morals might have interfered with efficiency. They were both efficient.

I may now state that my edition of "Chesterfield's Letters to His Son" is fit for any gentleman's library. It was presented to me by a generous friend, who may have paid five dollars for it. It shows what it means to undertake to become a British gentleman with an eighteenth century Parisian finish. If we succeed in assimilating ourselves to that type, we may be dying, with only one breath left, but we will use it to have a chair given to Dayrolles who has dropped in to see us expire. We will always be soft-spoken and considerate, especially to our enemies, and most especially when we find it convenient to have them outlawed, shot or hanged.

We may perhaps acquire this theory and practice of courtly manners during the twentieth century without great difficulty. As we increase the number of our scholars in politics, they may set us the example. We may find it very convenient to become courtly gentlemen. It might not be at all convenient, however, to imitate the British Whigs of the eighteenth century. Chesterfield was a British Whig. Although well known to us as a gentleman, he is almost wholly unknown as a British Whig. This is because there are no more British Whigs. They are as extinct as the Dodo. British Tories are not, of course, nor are they ever likely to become so. They require explanation only as they have made some changes of method since the eighteenth century. A Tory in any century or any country is a good-humored person (preferably a courtly gentleman) who will always be very kind to you, if you submit without being knocked down. If he must, he will knock you down, and if you stay down, he will help you up kindly as soon as he knows you have submitted. If you decline to stay down, he will knock you down until you do. Then, if you say "enough," he will take you by the hand, elevate you and take you into his "service," with a view to increasing your efficiency.

In the first half of the eighteenth century, a British Tory, engaged in increasing efficiency, might on a given day cause only a given number of stripes to be well laid on the back of any common person whose hands had been tied to the whipping post. If the person still refused to submit, the law and the constitution protected his back as sacred until next day. A British Whig in the eighteenth century was a gentleman of elegant manners, with a curled wig and a jeweled sword, who if he passed the whipping post, would stop and count the lashes on his fingers. If the law and the constitution permitted "forty strokes, save one," the British Whig when the count passed beyond thirty-nine to forty, might hold up a warning finger of his left hand. The right hand would be on the jeweled hilt of his walking rapier. At the forty-first stroke, with his sword bare, the British Whig might interpose between the wretch with a bleeding back and the executioner. In that behalf, he might strike until his jeweled sword broke—even if it must cross the blades of prime ministers and royal dukes. It is a matter of taste, perhaps, but I prefer Chesterfield, the British Whig, to Chesterfield, the courtly gentleman. This may not be material. It may be more important to ascertain accurately why British Whigs became extinct among those who are "united in brotherhood by the tongue of Shakespeare."

Letters From the People

A Word of Approval

Girard, Ohio, Nov. 9, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

For the sane and decent editorial about Senator La Follette in last week's MIRROR, all praise. The hard thing to bear in connection with the publicity on La Follette has been the utter disregard of all his past services, by newspapers which know his record, and have praised him and trusted him in days gone by. Or do they really forget over night? Anyway, you remember, and it's wholesome in a time when wholesomeness seems very rare, to have one who does remember "speak up."

ELIZABETH J. HAUSER.

How War-Taxes Stop Business

331 Marsh-Strong Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 7, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Of course you have read the recent war tax legislation including income tax, sur-tax, excess profit tax, etc. Out here, while there has been scarcely time enough for it to have been thoroughly studied, and while even the lawyers admit it is most complex and subject to various interpretations, there seems to be an immediate effect—which I believe will last as long as the war, or until the law is amended—and that is a decided tendency to divert capital from constructive enterprise, productive undertakings, commerce, trade and the like, to investment in land, and for the most part idle lands of small value. The reason for this must be obvious: *i. e.*, capital, if allowed to remain in income-bearing businesses is subject not only to the tax on the business itself, but the individual whose capital is so employed is subject to the tax upon the income derived from its employment, while if invested in unproductive land, the land only is subject to a very moderate tax and the increase in land values is figured to more than offset the income that the business would have produced.

This is something more than a theory. I know from my personal knowledge of one case in point. Some few men of means residing here had agreed among themselves to organize a shipbuilding concern (the government admittedly needs ships as much as any other one thing in this war) and to that end had actually placed all the money required for the initial investment in bank for that purpose. After the war tax legislation and the schedules were available, these same men held a meeting and determined that the various taxes were so great that there would not be a reasonable chance of their getting a return of their investment during the emergency period and therefore abandoned the project. At least a portion of this same capital is now going into low-priced Arizona lands. Their reasoning was that any such business as that arising from the war must be regarded as but temporary and, therefore, if it could not reasonably be figured to return in profits enough to return the original investment during the emergency period, it could not be con-

sidered as a good business venture, and in the case in question, where the taxes take about two-thirds of the profits, there would be no chance even to play safe.

Another case I know of is that of a canning company engaged in canning sea foods (another industry encouraged by the government). These people have a merely nominal investment, but their profits last season have been approximately \$75,000. During the season they have borrowed \$50,000, which, since the war tax legislation and because thereof, has been called. Their profits are insufficient to enable them to pay both the war tax and their debts, as they are advised by their attorneys and authorities consulted, that the government will allow no credit for their debts, but will collect taxes on the full \$75,000 profits. They have sent a representative to Washington to see if there is any way out, and, if not, they will be forced to close down.

Another case: an oil company operating leased property. Last year they borrowed \$200,000 for development

TOYS---Interestingly Different

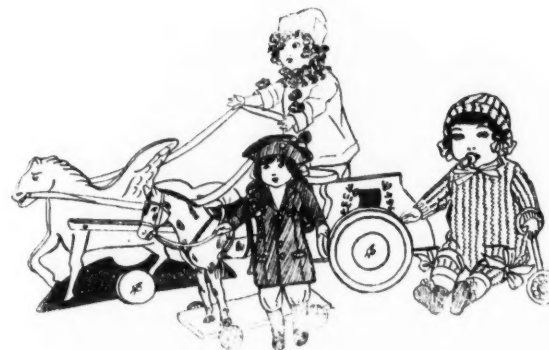
We have all wondered what the children would do when there were no more toys from those snow-bound villages in North Germany.

—But the children were never so well provided with play things as they are now. Yankee adaptability and Japanese cleverness have seen to it.

Toys were never so charming—so refreshingly unique without being disagreeably grotesque.

American Dolls are simply delightful, and wooden toys from Japan have a sturdiness we never have associated with Japanese products.

Noah's Arks seem to vanish from the seas with the German merchant marine—but Japan has sent menageries with the most alluring beasts and cages wherein the literal child may confine the most ferocious.



There are doll houses—a lure for the domestically inclined women-to-be, and automobiles as racy as ever the heart of a good fellow yearned for.

Everything in toys is here—all more attractive than you ever knew before. Buy them now, before the most distinctive ones are gone.

—and don't forget we have a doll's clothes shop.

For the Soldiers in France

We have provided an opportunity for you to give what a soldier needs and feel a sense of certainty of its getting to the man you want to have it.

An American woman has gone to Paris to personally shop for you—to buy gifts for the soldiers and send them to the men, either in the front trenches or quartered in French towns.

Ask at the War Service Bureau on the first floor about this woman in France.

No charge for this service.

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purposes and the expenditure of this money brought in wells that this season have produced a profit above fixed charges and interest no less than \$300,000, all of which profit, however, has gone back into further development and is therefore unavailable either for paying off their indebtedness (the company being in good credit, its creditors are agreeable to carrying their loans) or for paying excess profits, etc. Along comes the government and demands about \$200,000 in taxes. This company will actually be obliged to borrow additional sums with which to pay its war taxes, and, of course, further development will cease, as, if continued, no matter how much they might produce, they would eventually "go broke." Their original capital was \$250,000. They will perforce stop all development and pump

only the wells already in, or shut down entirely. The government is clamoring for added oil production.

Is it not a fact that the tax system—particularly the new war taxes—will work to retard production and curtail constructive enterprise of all kinds by reason of the fact that it does not tap wealth at its source, the land, but on the product of labor applied to land, while the land itself pays little or no more taxes than during the pre-war period? Will it not be the inevitable result, as was the case in the shipbuilding project abandoned, that the capital will withdraw from productive enterprise and find its way to the only form of investment where it is not subject to war tax—that is, land? Capital is always timid, and patriotic motives notwithstanding, always looking for safety

with the greatest possible return at the least possible effort.

I wonder how far our legislators have looked into this matter and how much they know about taxation anyhow!

HENRY A. COIT.

✧

Mr. and Mrs. Luther

Youngstown, O., Nov. 13, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your suggestion in last week's issue to the woman suffragists to commemorate Catherine von Borah was one to be appreciated by every true democrat, as was also, in my judgment, your estimate of Luther, but it occurs to me that the priest, Munser, was far more entitled to the gratitude of a democratic heart than either of them.

Luther, consciously or unconsciously, served the privileged class by dividing the people against themselves. Munser laid stress on the economic issue between the workers and their exploiters, which resulted in a class war, in which Luther took the side of the exploiters or landlords.

Some time before the reformation, strenuous efforts had been made to revive the old contentions between the church and the Franciscan and Dominican orders, but without success. The people were not concerned about religious questions, but were earnestly applying themselves to the solution of their economic problems. They had gained through their guilds the eight-hour day in many places and had rid themselves of many burdensome laws.

In this situation Luther's reformation was perhaps the only thing that could have saved landlordism, and it is my notion that privilege will never again permit the people to become to such a great extent affiliated with any one church. It queers the landlord's game.

GEORGE EDWARDS.

✧

For Free Banking

Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 4, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your issue of October 19th was a letter from Mr. Charles O. McCasland replying to an article in a previous issue by Judge Krum.

The first part of his letter is devoted to an interesting and illuminating explanation of the wonderful organization of bank credit nowadays; the second part to a justification of the cost of that credit.

The first part I have no intention of criticising, but I think that the second part is very much open to question.

"By all means," says Mr. McCasland, "if we must have credit, as surely we must in this great crisis, let us pay the market price for it by paying such a rate of interest as will secure it, even though we have to pay 6 per cent, or even 8 per cent."

This would be a perfectly reasonable position if the banks were subject to the same conditions as are other kinds of business; that is if they were involved in the same competitive conditions that tend to bring profits down to cost.

In banking, however, there is what has been called an "impersonal" monopoly, produced by the various legal

limitations which are supposed to be for the protection of the people, but which have the effect of raising the rate of interest to eight or ten times, or perhaps even more, what it would be without such limitations.

If banking were as free as, say, the grocery business, interest, it has been calculated, would amount to only from a half to three-quarters of one per cent; in fact, it would cease to be interest proper at all.

You will not find any support for my views in the regulation works on economics; nor does it matter, for it is the regular and orthodox view that has brought us to this pass; but you will find the whole matter very clearly worked out in a book published by Lippincott, and entitled "The Cause of Business Depressions," by Bilgram and Levy.

What the banker does is to substitute his well-known credit for that of private individuals who are less well known, and, where currency and not credit is required, his small, regular notes for the large note of hand of the private individual, who is prohibited from giving notes to be used as currency.

But the banker is fully secured by either actual collateral, or by adequate business endorsement. He therefore has to simply certify to the security of certain private credit, which is already perfectly secure. For this service, it is respectfully submitted, 8 per cent or 6 per cent, or even one per cent, is too much.

How much then? you ask. Nobody can tell until banking is free.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

✧

Babel and Zion

By Robert J. Hutcheon, A. M.

"The Origin and Philosophy of Language," by Ludwig Noiré (Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged). The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.25.

To anyone interested in the application of the idea of evolution to the various phases of reality, this account of the evolution of language will be of genuine value. Most of the materials used in the book were written a considerable time ago but they are still vital. It is interesting to observe how the movements in philosophy now known as voluntarism and pragmatism were working in the mind of Noiré and other students of language more than thirty years ago. The dictum of Max Müller, "all future philosophy will be a philosophy of language," carries more weight to-day than when he first uttered it. This view could not get much recognition at a time when, as Noiré says, "all minds were under the spell of the Schelling-Hegelean phrase-mongering," but thanks to pragmatism and other empirical forms of modern philosophical thinking, that spell has been at last broken. All philosophical thinking must be done with concepts and the study of the evolution of language is at the same time a study of the evolution of concepts. It is easy for us now to sympathize with Lazarus Geiger when he says that the essential point of future philosophy will be "an empirical criticism of human reason

Not too Early to Order The Christmas Handkerchiefs

IF YOU contemplate embroidering them yourself, or if you wish them embroidered to your order, it is best that this be done at once. Indications are there will be a shortage of help in this line, and those who buy early will avoid any disappointment.

We make monograms or any kind of facsimile signature. The regular lines are now at their best, and one will find:

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs for Men

Plain, 25c to \$1.50.
Initial, 25c to \$1.00.

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs for Women

Plain hemstitched, 10c to \$1.00.
One-corner embroidered, 15c to \$25.00.
Initialed ones, white and colors, 10c to 50c.

FOR THE KIDDIES—Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered corner effects, plain and initialed, at 10c and up.

(Main Floor.)

Personal Greeting Cards

For Christmas and New Year

—should be ordered now as our stocks are most complete. The cards are moderately priced, and if you have your own card plate, the cost will be materially less.

This means of sending the season's greeting is becoming more popular each year. Come and see what beautiful Cards are to be had at very nominal prices.

(Main Floor.)

Let Us Take You on a Tour of the Far East

IN THE Oriental Bazaar we are reminded of the handicraft work of the natives of Japan, China and our own Philippines. There is a very comprehensive collection of Oriental wares, ancient and modern curios, fancy trinkets, incense burners and other wares out of the mystic Orient.

Beautiful carvings of bone are quaintly done by the Japanese; Porcelains, Cloisonne, Teakwood pieces and Rosewood Furniture, popular as gifts and useful in ornamenting the home, are found.

You will also see the Chinese Lacquered pieces—Jewel Cases, Handkerchief Boxes, beautifully decorated in Oriental designs. And there are Japanese Lamps and Shades that will add a touch of beauty to the home.

Then there are beautiful Chinese and Japanese Embroideries that suggest to the creative mind Table Runners, Scarfs, Lamp Shades and many other articles of decoration.

It is truly like a trip to the Orient to visit this shop.

(Sixth Floor.)



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☐ For those who believe in choosing early and wisely, it is already here.

☐ There will be more thought given to gift things this year than ever before; and more attention paid to their selection.

☐ And here, in this beautiful Gift Shop, the many things that make unusual and lasting remembrances have been gathered with an artistic eye and a certain hand.

☐ The question of price is not a factor in this cosmopolitan treasure corner. There is something unusual here for as little as 25c—and for as much as \$75; and, no matter what the price, it will be different from the gift that your friend or relative will be likely to receive from any other source.

☐ One of the most interesting phases of this quaint little bazaar is the list of countries and peoples that are represented. For example:

From China—Hand-painted lanterns, Oriental scarfs and other unusual ornaments.

From Japan—Bronzes, lacquered novelties, book ends, beautiful baskets, pottery, teakwood stands, incense burners.

From Italy—Hand-made wicker flower baskets—very artistic; glass jars and cake dishes; marble fruit bowls and lily bowls; Rafeola ware in various shapes.

From England—Royal Daulton and Crown Derby ware—note the world over.

From Switzerland—Hand-carved wood novelties.

From the Philippines—Baskets of many kinds.

From Holland—Quaint and curious pottery.

From Russia—Lacquered boxes that can be used for many purposes.

From Mexico—Clay novelties, decorated in Indian fashion.

From France—Haviland limoges china, known wherever good china is used.

☐ Many of these importations were made under difficulties, but they are ready to help you solve the gift problem in a way that will be satisfactory and pleasing to all.

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By ERNEST McGAFFEY

GRAPHICS

By HARRIS MERTON LYON

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REEDY'S MIRROR

through the criticism of language." Philosophy must always keep close to science and particularly to the sciences of psychology and philology.

The book may be divided into two parts, of which the first treats of the origin of language. Here is given a resumé of the various theories of the origin of languages, including the author's own theory, sometimes called the sympathy theory. A few phrases from this section of the book will show how pragmatic and voluntaristic the viewpoint is: "Practical thinking, i. e., thinking guided by interest and founded on the subjective basis of will, must alone be placed at the beginning of this development." . . . "The will for a long time remained absolute autocrat; all speech aimed at practical effects, sympathetic agreement and incitation to common action." . . . "Everywhere we find imitation, everywhere will, everywhere activity." . . . "Language is the body of thought and both came into being together."

The second section is devoted to an exposition of the views of Max Müller and a fuller statement of the author's own views as to the significance of the study of language for philosophy. Here again we discover the author's hostility to any mechanical explanation of language or reality. He criticises Darwinism for its tendency to confuse the external and the internal qualities of things and anticipates Bergson in the stress he lays on consciousness, feeling and will as the immediate element of certainty in our knowledge. Human thought, he contends, is an active process, a self-conscious, self-confident activity, not, as a crude materialism imagines, the accidental play of unconscious atoms. "Human language does not conceive objects in so far as they excite pleasure or disgust; even less, as the mimetic theory imagined, in as far as they are howling and roaring; nor yet, at least not in its earliest creations, in so far as they are active, but simply in so far as human action has touched, modified, reconstructed them."

The book as now revised will amply repay either the reader who is interested in the scientific problem of the origin of language or the student of philosophy who desires to vitalize the subject by rooting it again in the empirical facts of human consciousness as manifested in the evolution of speech.

"Palestine: The Rebirth of an Ancient Nation," by A. M. Hyamson. Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, New York. \$1.50 net.

The scholarly work of Mr. Hyamson in the "Encyclopædia of Ethics and Religion" and the "Jewish Encyclopædia" is sufficient guarantee of the accuracy and thoroughness of this new book on a similar line. It occupies a unique place in the vast literature on Palestine. Most books on this subject either describe the geography of the country, ancient and modern, discuss its archæology or tell the story of the Jewish religion. This book, however, breaks new ground. The author is a believer in Zionism but he does not advocate any one of its many forms to the exclusion of the rest. He gives us an objective history of Palestine and the relation of the Jews to it from the fall of Jerusalem

in 70 A. D. to the outbreak of the war in 1914.

The first five chapters sketch the history from 70 A. D. to the nineteenth century. There is little new to be said here and Mr. Hyamson is content to summarize the whole story in a comparatively few pages.

The real interest begins with Chapter VII, and from that point on we are dealing with matters which few would be able to inform themselves about, apart from this book, without a very great deal of labor. That there is a genuine story to be told is indicated by the fact that though the Jewish population of Palestine in 1880 was only 25,000, it was 125,000 at the outbreak of the war. The theme of the book is the history of the movements in European Jewry which resulted in the drift of the Jewish population to Palestine. The various colonization schemes are described and recognition given to the individuals and societies who took the initiative in their organization. Chapters are devoted to a detailed account of the almost two-score colonies of Judea and Galilee which have been founded since 1882. The whole story of Zionism both as advocated by the earlier Zionists and the great Theodore Herzl is interestingly told. A very interesting chapter is devoted to the East African project first suggested by Joseph Chamberlain, and another equally interesting to the rehabilitation of Hebrew. In short a great deal of not easily accessible information is given us in condensed form and its accuracy is vouched for by the fact that the book has been read and revised by men and women connected with the institutions described.

No one can read Mr. Hyamson's book without wondering how these new communities have fared during the great war and how their destiny may be affected by its outcome. The author himself has no hard words for the attitude of Turkey towards Jewish colonization in Palestine for the past thirty years, but he expresses the hope that, if there is to be a change after the war, the protection of Great Britain may be substituted for that of Turkey.

Coming Shows

The famous spectacular play, "The Garden of Allah," dramatized by Robert Hichens, the author, in collaboration with Mary Anderson de Navarro, will be the attraction at the Jefferson theatre next week. The "garden of Allah" is the Arabs' name for the desert, and upon the faithful reproduction of desert life, atmosphere, spirit, depends the success of the play. Therefore thought and money have been expended liberally on the scenic effects; camels and other live stock have been imported from Algeria and native Arabs will appear in the cast.

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Arthur Hammerstein is sending to the Shubert-Garrick next week "Katinka," the joint work of Otto Harbach and Rudolph Friml, who collaborated on "The Firefly" and "High Jinks." "Katinka" is said to surpass its predecessors both in the humor and cleverness of its lines and in the lilt and tunefulness of its music. The plot of the comedy concerns the forced marriage of a young Russian girl to an old nobleman and her escape with her lover to Turkey in search of her husband's first wife, who is eventually

located in Vienna. A large chorus adds charm to the many musical hits, of which the outstanding one is "Rackety Coo."

Elizabeth M. Murray, well known for her work in "Madame Sherry," "High Jinks" and "Watch Your Step," will be the headliner at the Orpheum next week. She will sing comic songs and tell funny stories. Vying for first honors will be Lew Dockstader in his famous characterization of the political boss. Harry B. Watson and Jere Delahany will present a "rubeville" act staged in a country store; Austin Webb and company will appear in "Hit the Trail;" James Mullen and Alan Googan in odd nonsense; Santi in dances of the orient; Thomas Patricola and Ruby Myer in "The Girl and the Dancing Fool;" Sprague and Mc-Neece on roller skates; and pictures will complete the bill.

The attraction at the American theatre next week is a new play by Roy Foster, "After Office Hours." The play shows that although many things that are wrong do happen after office hours, at the same time many other things are made right. "After Office Hours" has a strong appeal for all office employees and a moral lesson particularly adapted to stenographers.

The Minstrel Revue will lead the bill at the Columbia the week starting Monday. The aggregation includes Happy Lambert and Rusty Benson, comedians and dancers, N. E. Tucker, Clem Valerio, Roy Cowles, Ed Climent and Nate Bolton. "The Veterans," a one-act comedy appealing to all ages, will be presented by Harry Shunk and company. Other numbers will be the Leach LaQuinlan trio; Lewis and Leopold, songs and fun; Mann and Mallory, comedy, talking and singing; Jack and Pearl Hall in "Mid Shot and Shell;" LeDoux and LeDoux, acrobatic comiques; Howe and Howe, burlesque mind readers; Julia Edwards, comedienne; and the latest Universal pictures.

Menlo Moore's "1917 Winter Garden Revue," a whirl of song and dance from the Chicago Winter Garden, will be the leading number at the Grand Opera House next week. Other features will be Thalero's circus, an animal act including dogs, ponies and a monkey; Clarke and Chapelle with songs and fun; Ed and Irene Lowry with jests and jigs; Jack and Kitty Demaco presenting "In the Garden of Recreation;" Gibson and Hall, mirth and music; Clifton and Kramer, smart songs and patter; Alvarez Duo, fun in the air; and the Universal weekly.

"The Aviators" coming to the Standard next week intermingles bright, snappy comedy dialogue and situations with pretty and popular musical selections. The cast includes such well known performers as Gladys Sears, Sammy Evans and Charles Neil, and a chorus of twenty girls. A special feature will be Scranton and Bell's high wire walking act.

Dash, ginger, wholesome and refined comedy, tuneful melodies, an exceptionally clever cast and a scenic spectacle of unusual splendor combine to make "Hello America," Joe Hurtig's patriotic musical revue which comes to the Gayety next week, a great fun festival. The company is headed by Lewis and Dody, of enviable fame in vaudeville, and Frank Wakefield, the author.

An innovation in local play houses is the theatre nursery opened by the Gayety last week. It is located in the rear of the theatre, where the mothers can visit between the acts. There is a trained nurse and a doctor in attendance, and everything has been provided for the children's entertainment. No charge is made for this service.

Symphony

With Mme. Louise Homer, the great American contralto, as its solo artist, and a highly interesting orchestral programme for the concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday night of this week, the St. Louis symphony orchestra is opening its regular symphony series with extraordinary brilliancy. Mme. Homer will sing two numbers, the first a pair of operatic arias and the second a group of songs by her husband, Sidney Homer. Of the three orchestral numbers the principal one is the "Scheherezade" by Rimsky-Korsakow, which has been substituted for the Brahms No. 1 Symphony. This affords an excellent opportunity for the new concertmaster, Michel Guskoff, as there are several important obligati for the first violin. The programme follows:

Berlioz...Overture, "Benvenuto Gellini" Arias:

(a) Haendel

"Ombra mai fu" from "Xerxes"

(b) Gluck

"Che faro senza Euridice" from "Orpheo"

Smetana

Symphonic Poem, "Vltava (The Moldau)"

Songs with Orchestra:

(a) Homer

From the Brake the Nightingale

(b) Homer.....Sing to Me, Sing

(c) Homer.....The Song of the Shirt

Rimsky-KorsakowScheherezade

1. The Sea and Sinbad's Ship.

2. The Narrative of the Galender-Prince.

3. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.

4. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The ship goes to pieces on a rock surmounted by the Bronze Statue of a warrior. Conclusion.

On Sunday afternoon the second "pop" concert of the season will be given, with Walter Chapman, pianist, as soloist. The programme consists of the numbers most frequently requested by patrons during the past three or four seasons.

Tagore's Nationalism

By William H. Seed

"Nationalism," by Sir Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillan Co., New York), is a book simple and easy to understand. There is absolutely nothing of the metaphysical obscurity or speculative tendency so often associated with the Orient, and especially with the Hindus. On the other hand the author's point of view is so radically different from that of any Occidental writer that it has all the quaintness and freshness of a mind which has looked at world problems from an angle we, for the most part, have never imagined. Tagore gives us no statistics or fresh data. He assumes that we know the facts. Our whole interest is in his point of view. Again, he resembles Emerson in that he does not argue. He simply makes statements which reveal to us, as clear as noonday, the characteristic thoughts of an Oriental mind which is of the first eminence in the present day.

The book is divided into three parts. "Nationalism in the West" is a lecture which was delivered during the author's recent tour of the United States; "Nationalism in Japan" is the substance of two lectures delivered before two different Japanese universities;

"Nationalism in India" was written in the United States. It is not so easy to express one's self freely on such subjects in India, if one would avoid deportation. The difference between the three essays, or lectures, is chiefly in the publics to which they are addressed, for each deals with the subject of na-

tionalism from a quite abstract point of view.

Sir Rabindranath, in a word, does not believe in what he calls the "nation," but his idea of a "nation" is rather what we should call the "state," especially the modern imperialist state. He regards it as of very modern origin,



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| Lv. Memphis.... 10:15 p. m. | Ar. Galveston.... 6:55 p. m. |
| Ar. Dallas.... 12:35 p. m. | Ar. Austin.... 5:35 p. m. |
| Ar. Ft. Worth.... 1:30 p. m. | Ar. San Antonio. 8:05 p. m. |
| Ar. El Paso.... 12:30 p. m. | |
| Ar. Los Angeles.. 8:55 p. m. third day | |

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and bound to pass away very soon. To him it is an impersonal, ogre-like, machine. In his first essay he speaks of it as it exists in India.

"The governors need not know our language, need not come into personal touch with us except as officials; they can aid or hinder our aspirations from a disdainful distance, they can lead us on a certain path of policy and then pull us back again with the manipulation of office red tape."

In the same lecture he says: "It is the continual and stupendous dead pressure of this inhuman upon the living human under which the modern world is groaning."

Unlike many of his enlightened countrymen, Tagore clearly distinguishes the European "nations" from the individuals composing them, and gives the fullest credit to the "noble minds who have ever stood up for the rights of man irrespective of color and creed." Nor does he despise "modernism" altogether, though he tells the Japanese that it "is not in the dress of the Europeans; or in the hideous structures where their children are interned when they take their lessons; or in the square houses with flat, straight wall-surfaces,

pierced with parallel lines of windows, where these people are caged in their lifetime; certainly modernism is not in their ladies' bonnets, carrying on them loads of incongruities." He thus rebukes the imitative spirit of Japan. "True modernism," he says, "is freedom of mind, not slavery of taste. It is independence of thought and action, not tutelage under European schoolmasters. It is science, but not its wrong application to life."

Tagore, unlike most Oriental observers, does not accuse the Japanese of shallowness, and place them low in the scale of eastern civilization. On the contrary he reminds them that in common with the rest of the Orient, they had gone far to solve the deeper problems of life while the west was bent upon the material progress which has at length culminated in these "nations." Japan is now just such a "nation," and there are Japanese who have forgotten, and would have their people forget, their Oriental culture. Tagore is for combining the two, and warns the Japanese against those who would forget the old culture in their pursuit of the new.

In the course of this work the writer says some very scathing things of Brit-

ish rule in India, and what is said is all the more weighty because his remarks on this point are merely incidental to his general purpose. Moreover he is not a supporter of the Indian nationalist movement. He denies that India is, or ever was a "nation," but before we place this statement in contrast to those of the native Indian reformers or would-be revolutionists we must remember the special meaning he puts into the term. His quarrel with his nationalist fellow-countrymen is that their policy would raise up an Indian "nation," and Tagore does not believe in "nations." India, he says, is at present the victim of a foreign "nation," and he would not make her the victim of another "nation" of her own creation. He is a non-resister so far as "nations" are concerned. He simply awaits the day when they will have destroyed one another, as he sees they are doing in the present war. His position is very nearly that of a Tolstoyan anarchist. "The vital ambition of the present civilization of Europe is to have the exclusive possession of the devil. All her armaments and diplomacy are directed upon this one object. But these costly rituals for invocation of the evil spirit lead through

a path of prosperity to the brink of cataclysm."

The book has high literary merit. In spite of prejudice against the author on account of his race, Tagore's genius is now so far recognized that it is almost unnecessary to say that. His poetry is sometimes trite, and sometimes obscure, and the poem affixed to his little book, "The Sunset of the Century," is both; but these three essay-lectures are literary gems, and they shed a flood of light on world conditions.

Works of Criticism

By Jaye Alden Brete

The newer movements in literature, and indeed in all the arts, have made necessary the reformulation of the critical standards, which like laws in a democracy, are always lagging behind the times. "Creative Criticism; Essays on the Unity of Genius and Taste," by J. E. Spingarn (Holt, New York), attempts a correlation of these new forces in art with the general principles of criticism and the formulation of a common ground on which criticism may approach its new problems.

The opening essay, "The New Criticism," presents a modern conception of the function of criticism in its relation to literature and art. The second and third essays, "Dramatic Criticism and the Theatre" and "Prose and Verse," apply this conception to the stage and "the new verse." The fourth essay, "Creative Connoisseurship," propounds the question, "What have the American collectors and patrons of art done for the younger American artists?" And to this query there is no reply.

In these four essays, Dr. Spingarn has succeeded in stirring up a tempest in the academic teapot. For underlying them all is his belief, none the less firm for being somewhat belated, that Goethe and Flaubert and Carlyle were right when they declared it was not the critic's business to be a judge of taste or of morality, but to know what vision the artist had before him and how well, with the materials he had, he has pictured it for the world.

Dr. Spingarn's book is not technical. He delights in playing havoc with the theories of the tedious old women who hold the chairs of literature in some of our American universities; to them it must undoubtedly be somewhat disconcerting to happen upon such a sentence as "... classification can never furnish a vital basis for criticism, and the question of versification, as something separate from the inner texture of poetry, simply does not exist."

♦

The purpose of Mr. Will Durant's latest book, "Philosophy and the Social Problem" (Macmillan, New York), is to show: first, that the social problem has been the basic concern of many of the greater philosophers; second, that an approach to the social problem through philosophy is the first condition of even a moderately successful treatment of this problem; and third, that an approach to philosophy through the social problem is indispensable to the revitalization of philosophy.

Mr. Durant takes as his thesis that unless the world will take courage to

look its social problems in the face with some wise regard for the attainments of the philosophers of the past, and a wiser readiness to learn from them in the future, "our civilization will go as other civilizations have come and gone, 'kindled and put out like a flame in the night.'"

The first part of the book is devoted to a historical approach to the subject, clearing away the litter of definition and explanation that has clustered about some philosophical terms and summarizing the attitude of the prominent philosophers from Plato to Nietzsche, toward the problem of reducing human misery, which our author has ever in mind; and closing with a detailed and vivid examination of the much misunderstood Nietzsche.

The second part of the book is occupied with suggestions as to the reconstructive function of modern philosophy as applied to the social problems of to-day. Feminism, Socialism, eugenics, anarchism, individualism, all are examined and found wanting, together with the existing institutions of religion and state; only in philosophy is there a remedy. Mr. Durant presents his case well. He has also achieved something of a success in stating his thoughts and analyses in a simple, vivid and often moving way. The "academese" of the schoolman is notably lacking.

"God and Mr. Wells" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York) is in keeping with the reputation already established by the Borzoi books. Mr. Archer's vivisection of "God, the Invisible King" leaves only a king of "shreds and patches," a king looked at with disdain by men of science, and with suspicion by men of good common sense. He would serve only for "those who manufacture a god, whether out of golden earrings or out of humanitarian sentiments, and then bow down and worship it." In fact, in the light of the author's reasoning, it does look remarkably as if Mr. Wells had made too hasty and careless a statement of his case.

Mr. Wells however does voice for the first time the faith and theology of his public, which, although unacademic, exerts nevertheless the force upon which the world depends. The question which Mr. Archer attempts to answer is: whether this God is an idol of ideas or a genuinely new conception. He propounds his solution with a formidable show of kindness and impartiality—leaving us in place of the Invisible King which he dethrones, only the aged doctrines of atheist or pagan.

The often unquestioning public should appreciate Mr. Archer's valuable service in clarifying the various criticisms of Mr. Wells' new books. For although Mr. Archer seems somewhat lacking in respect for theological knowledge he is yet a keen analyst and a brilliant thinker.

Not for Him to Say

New Arrival—And where do I go when this shelling business starts?

Sandy (late of the "Wee Kirk")—Laddie, that a' depends on your reckless opeenions!—*Blighly*.

Two British Novels

By Ruth Mather

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has gained more or less of a name as one who writes to uplift the public morals. "The Blindness of Virtue" and "The Sins of the Children" were "plays with a purpose"—and that well-marked and unmistakable. Now comes his new novel "Scandal" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston) which contains such a quantity of decollete detail that only a very obviously-drawn ethical deduction would seem to have justified its introduction. The expected deduction, however, is by no means made. The story has the lightest tone throughout, and one who had no previous illusions as to Mr. Hamilton's sincerity would dismiss it as disgustingly suggestive trash. To be sure, it has a technical facility of diction and invention, and the characters are human enough. The heroine is, in fact, well depicted: a New York girl named *Beatrice Vanderdyke*, who is all but spoiled as a result of the luxury and continual adulation in which she lives. The author had the originality to make her spoiled, and still not in the least snobbish, like the traditional millionaire's daughter of fiction. If only, though, *Beatrice* might occasionally have worn thicker nightgowns and higher-necked dresses, and taken a few less plunges in her Byzantine bathtub! The very nature of the plot is needlessly risqué: a state of affairs is brought about whereby the heroine, as the result of a prankish lie, must practically live with a man to whom she is not married. As mere entertainment this kind of thing is inexcusable, and the author affords no indication he meant it as more than that. Mr. Hamilton is very likely talented enough to prove a second Robert W. Chambers; will he be conscientious enough to prove true to himself?

✱

Mr. W. J. Dawson has written, in an autobiographical form, a very appealing account of the young English lad whose name gives the title to his book "Robert Shenstone" (John Lane Co., New York). Son of a schoolmaster was *Robert Shenstone*, born in the provincial town of Barton. The description of his childhood spent in this little place is particularly sympathetic and delightful. Though at all times spontaneous, *Robert* was a gentle-mannered boy, of precocious literary talent, and pretty well able to judge and appreciate the life and the people about him during even his earlier years. The character studies of his masterful *Aunt Tabitha*, the terror of tradesmen, and of peculiar *Mr. Wart*, the printer, are especially engaging. This same *Mr. Wart* it was who published for *Robert*, a book of his original poems when the youth had reached the age of fifteen years. It came about as a result of this publishing venture that *Robert* received his introduction to an adult world in which he lived henceforth quite independently of his parents and their support. Soon he is seen in a London setting, whereupon the real plot of the story begins to unfold itself—involving the strange recluse name *Heron*, by whom *Robert* is employed. In its more mechanical

aspects, however, the plot is of secondary interest and almost superfluous as compared with the entertaining passages of merely episodic narration, description and characterization of which the author is capable. Best of all, the book has in many places a humor of the truest quality, which is neither irony on the one hand nor caricature on the other. Pathos it possesses beside, and other emotional qualities, and then throughout a sense of the author's own maturity yet freshness of thought and feeling. It is a story to make friends with, as it were—in fact, just the healthful, heartwarming sort of tale one likes to share aloud with one's entire family.

Rice and Old Shoes

By Harry B. Kennon

My next-door neighbor is an orderly maiden lady who thinks disorderly, if portraits of maidens of a certain age are true. She will prove to you, if need be, that proverbs are paradoxes and superstition the bogy of fools; moreover, she harbors neither cat nor canary. Very plain spoken and pleasant is Miss Penelope, so fragrant of youth that we call her Miss Pen; and, withal, a little tea-rose of a lady given to wearing gray and lavender gowns and wide garden hats with something pink about them. Human flowers of Miss Penelope's kind still bloom in odd corners of America, even in nooks of our western cities.

This morning as I watched our pearl of a Jap student, Ito, who for the past six months has done our furnace, rugs and lawn, sweeping rice off the front walk, Miss Pen threw an old shoe at me from her side the hedge, crying: "For luck!"

I presume that Japanese ladies do not shy shoes at middle-aged Jap gentlemen, though really I know nothing about it, my observation of ladies of the Orient having been confined to *Madama Butterfly* as impersonated by a number of rather chesty occidental songbirds. At any rate, Ito's graven image of a countenance expressed surprise—scornful surprise for the millionth part of a minute. Then he retired into his coming tower of immobility and continued sweeping up rice. How we have managed all these years without Ito, or what we shall do when he graduates, is past speculation. Sometimes, on high occasions, he valets for us; he did last night and his service was beyond price, particularly to Palfrey, who said he had the manners of a prince. Ito may be a prince in Japan; I have heard of students who were. Yes, I should say Ito's manners are perfect—a dictagraph has perfect manners, you know.

"Thanks for the luck, Miss Pen," I said joyously, for never did I feel happier than this morning, "I never expected to see the old thing again."

"Of course you missed your aim when you were silly enough to throw it," laughed the lady, "but weddings or no weddings, my lawn is not to be messed up by old shoe leather. Did we miss our aim, though?" she sparkled. "I don't think we did, any of us. Where were we in 'Barchester



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Towers" when we stopped reading? Oh, yes! At the she-bishop's party. I'll come over to-night and see how *Mrs. Proudie* came out with the last of the *Neros* woman."

"Do," I responded heartily. "But do you mean to say you did not go on with Trollope's book? Why, it is almost eight months since—"

"Did you?"

"No. I had read it ages ago, you know."

"So had I, of course; but the fun of going to *Mrs. Proudie's* party again is going with old friends. How do the girls bear their great loss?"

The girls are my sisters; the great loss was Cousin Ida, a sprightly widow of slender means who had found it convenient to pay us a prolonged visit that came to an end last night when she married Palfrey, who is something or other under government that he has never divulged in the many years I have known him. I did not answer Miss Pen's question; we simply looked into

one another's eyes and laughed. What Ito thought of our merriment, I do not know; I have never heard Ito laugh. Smile? Oh, yes! He wears a smile as other men wear glasses. However—Ito, with all his furtive watchfulness, could not know why my good sisters were drawing long breaths of relief indoors or why Miss Pen and I laughed shamelessly across the low hedge.

Shamelessly, for Cousin Ida's marriage had delighted us. Palfrey, I suppose, is delighted too; but Palfrey rarely exhibits emotion; he appeared happy last night in his commanding, quiescent way. Cousin Ida was exuberant. Oh, we were all happy! That is why we sunk so low as to waste rice and throw old shoes.

Sometimes I wonder which is the more destructive to conversation, the person who maintains deadly silence, like Palfrey, or one, like Cousin Ida, who has no silences at all. A reputation for fluent converse must be a frightful burden, though I must say

Cousin Ida bore hers buoyantly. She never spoiled a story for want of facts, and she would tell one of your own stories before your face so completely "Idaized" as to leave you gasping. Fortunately her stories originate with herself to all seeming; she makes no reference to sources, nor does she defer to opinion for heightened effects. Her inaccuracies are as startling as her statements are positive; she never sees a subject from more than one angle, never acknowledges error of statement and never quits making statements. She picks up remarkable information, and considering her keen lookout for the main chance, her credulity is astounding. Money value is her basis of value applied universally—Palfrey is reported well-to-do. Contradiction is the soul of conversation to Cousin Ida and a point of departure to fields more ramifying than a Montaigne essay. But then, one can escape Montaigne until in the mood for him once more. Not so Cousin Ida. She is a sociable creature to whom an audience is indispensable. And many people find dear Cousin Ida an entertaining person. We did when she first came to live with us. People fall for her bright, aggressive talk. Palfrey fell, thank God!

Now we Pattersons, my sisters and I, are quiet folk endeavoring to face life's sunset with dignity becoming our years. Our circle of friends, among whom Miss Pen is chief, prefers pleasant conversational evenings to helter-skelter drawing-room affairs that are poor imitations of cabarets. Cousin Ida averred that we would be considered "queer," keeping out of things and not doing as others did, and though Miss Pen replied that being "queer" seemed to her rather better than being a noisy sheep, we heard of ourselves as being "queer" from sources contaminated by Cousin Ida's conversation. Despite Miss Pen's reference to sheep, being considered "queer" is not among life's pleasures.

At home, when we are alone—Miss Pen with us, of course—there is generally reading aloud, for an hour or so, of some old book or other and agreeable talk about it. No bad way to pass an evening among congenial souls. Cousin Ida told us frankly that we were hopelessly mid-Victorian. We are nothing of the sort, of course—whatever mid-Victorian may mean. Dating art or the estimation of it as of such and such a period is absurd, except for chronological convenience. The fact of the matter is we are as likely to go back to old Greece for entertainment as not, or to spend an hour with Dunsany; H. G. Wells hot off the griddle is among our diversions, and the perplexing music of the later Strauss; though I confess that my reaction to the "Beautiful Blue Danube" is more satisfying. Anyone at the piano loosens Cousin Ida's tongue and she says that reading aloud makes her sleepy. If that were true, I'd read as long as my lungs held out. It is not. To hear an auditor asking *sotto voce* the price of a shirtwaist at the seventh line of a sonnet plays the devil with the other seven. No, Cousin Ida preferred the sound of Cousin Ida's voice, and, as discussion was out of the question, we held our tongues. As Miss Pen remarked: "You can always tell a lady but you can't tell her much." The little

old girl sometimes takes in vaudeville. I do myself. Sometimes we go together.

The situation was sufficiently desperate to permit of climax, but it is only in plays and novels that the entrances and exits of dominating characters may be arranged. Cousin Ida made her entrance among us by her own arrangement and gave no evidence of arranging an exit. She desolated our lives and shattered our circle. Our evenings became evenings devoted to bridge-whist which admits of a good deal of the stuff that passes for conversation. Cousin Ida played a brilliant game. Palfrey began to show a fondness for bridge.

I do not believe that we entered into a conspiracy, I am sure that we made no verbal compact, but when we noted Palfrey's growing fondness for bridge and Cousin Ida, we did not discourage the man. A more unremunerative dinner guest than Palfrey never existed, but I had him to dinner as often as was decent. Then we would permit Cousin Ida to efface us with the same smiling efficiency with which Ito effaces himself. Miss Pen and I have frequently sat in at bridge, which we loathe, like the Christian martyrs we are not. My good sisters, who never schemed in their lives, aided and abetted Palfrey with a sagacious match-making ardor born of months of dear, dear Cousin Ida. Truly all the world loves a lover.

And it worked. Palfrey took our treasure from us last night. As I said, the man is something or other under government that he never talks about; but then he never opens up about anything. Where he and Cousin Ida are spending their honeymoon I neither know—nor care.

This luxurious thought flashed through my mind this evening while Miss Pen, the girl and I were laughing over the finish of *Mrs. Proudie's* ridiculous party and paying tribute to Trollope's humor at its best. I think we all shared the luxury of the sentiment, though none mentioned the dear departed. Surely the return to a routine that Cousin Ida had upset was very, very pleasant. Long winter evenings were ahead—communions with master minds—friendly discussions—music—expressive silences—

"And lo!" as the old romances say, Cousin Ida stood among us.

"Where is Ito?" she demanded.

"In his dormitory at the university, I suppose," I answered. "What is it, Palfrey?" I asked of the perturbed bridegroom.

"Ito carried our bags down to the car last night," cried Cousin Ida. "He!—He!—"

"Mrs. Palfrey," commanded Cousin Ida's husband of a day, "be still, if you know how. If not, return to the taxi. Better do so, anyway. I'll join you."

And Cousin Ida left—without a word.

"Ito reported for none of his afternoon classes, Patterson," exclaimed Palfrey. "His personal effects at the dormitory have been removed. Certain papers have been taken out of my bag—important papers—government—you understand?"

We said we understood, though we did not, and Palfrey left us. "Ito would

have done it that way," said Miss Pen. "He has the manners of a prince."

And then we mourned the loss of Ito.

♦♦♦

Marts and Money

While New York's financial market remains in a feverish, fitful state, the impression exists in closely observant circles that the worst is over, and that the regnant powers are actively supporting representative values in order to restore courage and faith among the millions of investors. There are no firm expectations, however, of a really substantial improvement in the near future. It is recognized that the market is in need of a period of assiduous coddling and nursing, and that it must be carefully guarded against fresh shocks of a financial or political character. Necessarily, all opinionation is more or less qualified and opportunistic. It bristles with "buts" and "ifs," and usually ends with the declaration that "no definite conclusion can be formed at the present time." J. P. Morgan asserted a few days ago that liquidation had about exhausted itself, especially in so far as holdings of stocks for British and French account are concerned. There was joy over this bit of news among speculative folks who had been bombarded with calls for additional margin every week or two since the end of July. On the stock exchange the immediate result of the Morganic statement was a rise of three or four points in the prices of leading issues. There were words of gratification on account of the material rally from the severe break that followed upon the report of Bolshevik triumph at Petrograd. It was taken to uphold the arguments of hopeful oracles, and to justify the belief that another disastrous decline need not be feared even in the event of further disagreeable news from the Neva or the Venetian plain. The net rise in values does not amount to much, so far. In the case of Steel common it stands at about three or four points, the ruling figure being 92½, as compared with a minimum of 88¾. Union Pacific common, which had fallen to 108¾, is rated at 113 at this moment. Brokers report heavy and consistent buying by investors of modest means—by odd-lot people, that is to say. Indeed, they have been reporting it for several weeks. They also call our attention to the fact that, as a rule, purchasing of this kind marks the end of a prolonged bear campaign. Considering the extraordinary depreciation already registered, it certainly would appear as though the untoward factors had already been sufficiently allowed for, at least if one does not care to look far ahead. It is not always profitable to be acutely circumspect in our financial transactions or mundane affairs in general. We have good authority for the statement that he who watches the clouds shall never reap. It is the business of every trained mind to determine the precise degree of foresight that every important occasion demands. Wall street was deeply interested in dispatches from Washington which boldly declared that the commerce commission will shortly permit of a satisfactory advance in freight rates in eastern

territory, and that favorable action will be taken also upon the impending requests of southern and western railroad companies. So well pleased were the followers of the market that they gave only cursory heed to the news that enginemen, conductors, brakemen and other railway employes had decided to ask for wage increases varying from 15 to 30 per cent. Mr. Thorne, the representative of commercial organizations that are always opposed to higher freight tariffs, asserted before the commerce commission that the railroad companies should not be allowed any advances because they were doing a big business. Men of his type of mind sorely strain one's patience. If he had carefully studied the monthly and yearly statements of most of the leading systems since January 1, 1916, and drawn honest inferences therefrom, he would feel ashamed to contend at present that the carriers' moderate demands should be refused. How can railroad credit be sufficiently improved without favorable action on the part of the commerce commission? Under prevailing conditions, large issues of bonds, notes or stocks cannot be floated on such terms as prudent financiers would consider commendable. Anybody in doubt about this should soon be able to see the point, or points, if he will devote only a half-hour to a thoughtful studying of current quotations for railroad securities. We are told by some high authorities that the war may last two or three years longer. If their ideas should prove correct, the railroad companies will be forced to demand several more advances in freight rates, and the commerce commission will not hesitate to sanction them. They pursue different policies in England. There the national government announced shortly after the beginning of the conflict that it would guarantee the then existing rates of all railroad dividends. But enough of this for the present. The latest *coup d'état* at Petrograd brought new violent slumps in the quotations for rubles and Russian bonds. The former fell to 11 cents, against a normal rate of 52. The 5½ and 6½ per cent bonds, large amount of which are owned in the United States, broke to 48 and 57, respectively. They were valued at 85 and 94, respectively, at one time. In the Scandinavian countries the American dollar still is at a discount. This, chiefly because of the drastic reduction in American exports to those nations and the embargo on gold shipments. Another thing adversely affecting the American dollar is the fear in Copenhagen that Sweden might yet be drawn into the war on the side of Germany. Owing to the severe restrictions on American exports to the Scandinavian and other neutral nations, the supply of bills of exchange drawn on Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Amsterdam and Madrid is naturally extremely small, and it cannot be offset by shipments of gold. Besides, imports from those countries have shrunk to petty proportions. Drafts on Rome recorded startling fluctuations a few days ago. At present, the American dollar commands 8.58 lire, against only 5.19 in pre-war days. The normal value of the lira (lire is the plural) is about the same as that of the French or Swiss

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franc. In the bond department at New York, many representative quotations have established new minima. Again particularly conspicuous were the four

issues of French municipal bonds, drawing 6 per cent interest. Those of the City of Paris were dumped in bulky amounts at 85 to 86. Those of Lyons,

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Bordeaux and Marseilles fell to 84. In the good old remote times before the war the city of Paris could easily float 3½ to 4 per cent bonds at par or a little premium. The other three municipalities could borrow all the funds they needed at 4 to 4½ net to them. French francs have dropped to 60, the officially fixed minimum. One would like to know the exact or true value of German imperial bonds at present. There are no quotations available though. It is perfectly safe to assume, however, that in Berlin and Frankfort, too, the quotations have undergone terrific depreciation, notwithstanding protective measures long since adopted by the government and dominant financiers. The 5 per cent sinking fund bonds of the United States Steel Corporation are quoted at 98.50, as compared with 107½ last January. The consensus of recognized authorities is that these securities must be put in the highest category of private investment paper. It is inconceivable that the corporation might ever find it difficult to pay the interest on these bonds, even if due allowance be made for the quite extreme vicissitudes that periodically overtake the iron and steel industry. Northern Pacific prior lien 4s are quoted at 82; they were worth a good premium years ago. People looking for fine bargains in bonds have their pick nowadays, but they don't seem to be in much of a hurry about placing their buying orders, or, maybe most of them have decided to give the preference to the government's loans so long as the war continues. The New York money market is in relatively easy condition, in consequence of the enormous liquidation on the stock exchange and the corrective movements in connection with the floating of the last Liberty loan. The latest weekly statement of the banks showed no material change in excess reserves. The total was \$109,630,000, as compared with \$110,930,000 on November 3.

Finance in St. Louis

It was a dull and discouraging sort of a market on the local stock exchange. Prices showed the effects of serious depression in Wall street and feelings of disquiet in the financial world in general. Liquidation was not impulsive or extensive, however, in any prominent direction. Important holders preserved their mental poise. They calculated that the reactionary course should be close to the culminating point. The declines that did occur were far from alarming. They did not exceed one or two points in the active list. Bank of Commerce, the most popular issues in the banking group, was taken at 111 to 112. The total turnover was thirty shares. Ten Boatmen's Bank brought 100, a price indicating a moderate depreciation. For ten Third National somebody paid \$232.50. This figure denotes a loss of about \$18 when contrasted with the high mark reached last March—250. The yearly dividend is 12 per cent. Stocks of this category still are quoted at figures comparing favorably with those now current for other investment issues. Third National, for instance, nets only 5 per cent if bought at 240. Union Pacific common, a 10 per cent stock, if we include the extra payments, yields near-

ly 9 per cent at the ruling quotation of 112. United States Steel preferred, which pays a dividend of 7 per cent, nets the purchaser 6½ per cent at the present price of 108. Relatively high values yet are effective also in the cases of Mercantile Trust, Mississippi Valley Trust, St. Louis Union Trust, Boatmen's Bank, and other shares representative of this class of local investments.

United Railways issues have eased off further. The 4s now are rated at 56.50, with transactions of very modest dimensions. Of the preferred stock, two hundred and five shares were lately disposed of at 22.50 to 23. There was no trading in the common, which is purchasable at 5.75. One thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban general 5s were sold at 63.50. The year's maximum, set last July, was 75. National Candy common, business in which continues quite broad, indicates no striking change in quotation. The bulk of the business is done at about 28. Hopes of an early dividend seem to be subsiding. Four thousand dollars Laclede Gas first 5s were lately transferred at 98.75; ninety shares of Wagner Electric at 159 to 160; twenty International Shoe common at 97 to 97.50; forty Certaineed common at 45 to 47; seven Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred at 106 and eight of the second preferred at 86.

Latest Quotations

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|----------------------------|------|--------|
| Nat. Bank of Commerce | 110½ | 111 |
| St. Louis Union Trust | 110 | 111 |
| United Railways com | 4 | 5 |
| do pfd | 20¾ | 21 |
| do 4s | 56½ | 57 |
| St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s | 62¾ | 63¾ |
| Alton, Granite & St. L. 5s | 71 | 72 |
| K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$500) | 90 | 91 |
| do 5s (\$1000) | 90 | 91 |
| St. L. Cotton Compress | 39 | 40 |
| Int. Shoe com | 97½ | 98 |
| do pfd | 111 | 112 |
| Hydraulic Pr. Brick com | 1 | 2 |
| Portland Cement | 80 | 81 |
| Hamilton-Brown | 127 | 128 |
| Brown Shoe com | 63¾ | 64 |
| do pfd | 89 | 90 |
| St. Louis Screw | 230 | 231 |
| Nat. Candy com | 28¾ | 29½ |

Answers to Inquiries

RURAL, Hiawatha, Kan.—Distilling Securities is not an investment, and, in all probability, it never will be. There are hints in Wall street that the company may go into liquidation in the next two years. The stock draws 50 cents every three months and there's no prospect of a return to a higher basis. The current quotation of 33½ compares with a maximum of 54½ in 1916. You should not purchase the stock unless with the clear understanding that it is a risky speculation. It should be absurdly easy for you to make a better selection at this time.

J. K. M., Tulsa, Okla.—If you are looking for a strictly safe investment you should not consider purchasing U. S. Smelting, R. & Mining 6s, which are decidedly speculative and fluctuate materially from time to time. They are convertible into common stock. There's a large number of good railroad and industrial securities that can now be bought at prices yielding from 5½ to 6½ per cent and that are sure to prove more satisfactory in the long run than the Smelting 6s would. With so many excellent bargains going in all financial

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MRS. HUMPHREY WARD by Stephen Gwynn. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 60c.

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THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER by Victor Rousseau. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co., \$1.35.

A novel staged in a world gripped by a perverted socialism without religion or freedom. Illustrated.

THE DEVIL'S OWN by Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg, \$1.40.

Murder and attempted abduction, defeated by an army officer, at the time of the Black Hawk war which forms the background of the story. Illustrated.

THE STURDY OAK by fourteen well known writers. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.40.

A composite novel of American politics, the theme supplied by Mary Austin and one of each of the fourteen chapters written by Samuel Merwin, Harry Leon Wilson, Fannie Hurst, Dorothy Canfield, Kathleen Norris, Henry Mitchell Webster, Anne O'Hagan, Mary Heaton Vorse, Alice Duerr Miller, Ethel Watts Mumford, Marjorie Benton Cooke, William Allen White, Mary Austin and Leroy Scott. Edited by Elizabeth Jordan and illustrated by Henry Raleigh. Proceeds to be donated to the suffrage cause.

ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER GERMAN RULE by Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.35.

A history of Alsace-Lorraine since its annexation to Germany in 1871 with particular attention paid to the spirit and method of German rule, the attempts at Germanization and the reaction of this upon the population. Indexed. Mr. Hazen is professor of history at Columbia University and is the author of "Europe Since 1815."

THE LITTLE THEATRE IN THE UNITED STATES by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$2.00.

A history of the little theatre movement in the United States with a description of each of the sixty playhouses, its policy, achievements and repertory, its scenic lighting and decorative effects. A full index makes this a useful handbook for little theatre managers. Illustrated from photographs of actual productions.

THE WIND IN THE CORN by Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.

A collection of American song-poems of democracy.

AND THE CAPTAIN ANSWERED by Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill & Co., 50 cents.

The story of a war-hating mother and her attempt to keep her son from enlisting which is defeated by the war spirit the latter has inherited from his father and grandfather. Offered as a timely lesson in sacrifice and patriotism.

SACRIFICE AND OTHER PLAYS by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

Four Indian plays.

BOTTLED UP IN BELGIUM by Arthur B. Maurice. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co., \$1.25.

Mr. Maurice was the last American delegate of the relief commission to enter Belgium before America entered the war. This book relates anecdotes and gossip gathered during his three months' stay.

AMERICAN ADVENTURES by Julian Street. New York: The Century Co., \$3.

A record of events, conversations, anecdotes and observations of a ramble through the South done in full sympathy with that charming portion of our country. Many new chapters have been added since this appeared serially in Collier's. Illustrated with numerous drawings by Wallace Morgan.

BARNARD'S LINCOLN. Cincinnati: Stewart-Kidd Co., 50c.

An account of the creation and dedication of George Grey Barnard's statue of Abraham Lincoln which was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft to the city of Cincinnati. The book includes the address of William Howard

Taft and the poem of Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen. Numerous illustrations. An excellent souvenir of the statue and the occasion.

THE SHINING HEIGHTS by I. A. R. Wyllie. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

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SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE by Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran, \$1.25.

Poems of home life revealing the very likable personality of the author.

MORE SHORT PLAYS by Mary MacMillan. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co., \$1.50.

Seven plays, some humorous, some fantastic, all interesting, which read well and have been successfully produced on the stage.

FRANCIS JOSEPH AND HIS COURT by Herbert Vivian. M. A. New York: John Lane Co., \$2.50.

The career of the Austrian emperor and the history of his family, compiled from the memoirs of Count Roger de Rességuir and related in interestingly intimate fashion. Illustrated from photographs.

WESTERN WATERS AND OTHER POEMS by Elizabeth Sewell Hill. Chicago: Roadside Press.

Poems.

THE HOSTAGE by Paul Claudel. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, \$1.50.

Translation of "L'Otage" done by Pierre Chayannes. A play representing a conflict of ideas opposing faiths, conscience, human beings. Claudel's second drama to appear in English.

THE INSURGENT THEATRE by Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.25.

A consideration of the practical and artistic side of the "little" and open air theatres, and their economic aspects. Lists of theatres and of plays performed in them are given in an appendix.

HOW GERMANY DOES BUSINESS by P. P. Gourevitch. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.00.

The open secret of Germany's commercial methods with relation to foreign countries, set forth by a Russian.

MILITARISM by Karl Licknecht. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.00.

This is the book which was promptly suppressed in Germany and caused the author's imprisonment.

UTOPIA OF USURERS by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.25.

Chesterton's beliefs on sociological matters. An attack upon the existing order and the construction of a utopia for the hard headed business man.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DAVID LLOYD GEORGE by Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 25 cents.

India's social, economic and governmental necessities presented to England's prime minister by an East Indian now in New York. An indictment of England's Indian policy.

FIRST OFFERING by Samuel Roth. New York: Lyric Publishing Co., \$1.25.

Sonnets and lyrics.

SENTIMENT by Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$1.50.

A new novel by the author of "The Good Girl."

MANDRAGORA by John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, \$1.25.

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markets, issues of inferior quality should not be drawn into serious consideration. In saying this, I do not wish to insinuate that the Smelting Co might prove a bad investment. The company is in prosperous condition. The mining industry is subject to startling ups and downs, however. Bear that in mind.

QUERIST, St. Louis.—Lehigh Valley is not an investment stock of the best class. Nor can the \$5 dividend (par value \$50) be regarded as safe. The stock is now quoted at 52, against a high mark of 87½ about a year back. Scaled buying would seem advisable, from now on, despite the probability of a \$4 dividend. An adequate increase in freight rates would undoubtedly cause a noteworthy advance in the quotation for this and all other good railroad stocks. The Lehigh is not overcapitalized to an objectionable degree. It's a splendid property.

STOCKHOLDER, Wilmington, Del.—The value of General Electric has dropped to a level where it merits the close attention of investors who are fully informed concerning the decisive changes in the money markets and investment bases. There can be no question about the stability of the 8 per cent dividend, which has been paid for years, with occasional extra or stock dividends. The prevailing price of 123 contrasts with 187¼ on October 29, 1918. General Electric had not participated in sensational manner in the hysterical boom of 1915 and 1916. For this very reason as also in view of the substantial rectification already effected, its technical market position is not especially perilous at present.

F. D. McD., Chillicothe, Mo.—(1) International Nickel should be worth buying at or about the current price of 26¼. This despite the cut in the dividend from \$6 to \$4 per annum. The company should have no reason for complaining about poor business in the first five years after the ending of the war. (2) Similar reasoning applies to Kennecott Copper, at least in so far as prospective earnings are concerned. Wall street believes that the company will again declare a quarterly dividend of \$1.50. The possibility of a \$5 or \$4 rate was pretty well discounted when the price fell to 26 the other day.

♦♦♦

An English nobleman was about to set out for India, and, fearing that in his absence vandals might destroy a picturesque ruin on his estate, he said to his steward: "I want you to build a wall here"—he drew a tiny furrow with his stick around the ruin—"a stone wall five feet high." On his return home the nobleman started for the spot. When he reached it he rubbed his eyes in amazement. There was the new stone wall, but he could see nothing towering up inside of it. He turned excitedly to his steward: "Look here, where's the ruin, man?" "The ruin, my lord?" replied the steward. "Oh, that ould thing! Sure, I used it to build the wall with."

♦♦♦

No Mormon

She—You're a waster! Very few girls would marry you.

He—Well, very few would be enough!—Columbia Jester.

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A lank Missourian walked into a woman's exchange in St. Louis. A cantankerous middle-aged woman stepped up and asked him what he wanted. "Be this the woman's exchange?" he inquired. "It is!" she snapped. "An' be ye the woman?" he persisted. "I am!" she replied, in no gentler tones. He looked around thoughtfully, transferred his tobacco from one cheek to the other, edged toward the door, then remarked casually, "Wall, I reckon I'll keep Sal!"

*For
the boys
in
khaki*

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